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A LARK'S FLIGHT.

Out in the country the bells were ringing,
Out in the fields was a child at play,
And up to heaven a lark went singing
Right and free on that morn of May.
And the child looked up as she heard the singing,
Watching the lark as it soared away:
"Oh, sweet lark, tell me, heav'nward winging,
Shall I go also to heaven one day?"

Deep in the shade of a mighty city,
Toiled a woman for daily bread,
Only the lark to see her and pity,
Singing all day in a cage o'erhead.
And there they dwelt in the gloom together,
Prisoned and pent in the narrow street,
But the bird still sang of the golden weather.
And the woman dreampt of her childhood sweet.

Still in her dreams the bells were ringing,
Still a child in the fields was she;
And she opened the cage as the lark was singing,
Kissed him gently and set him free.

And up and on as the bird went singing,
Down came a voice that seemed to say,
"E'en as the lark that is heavn'ward winging,
Thou shalt go also to heav'n one day.
—*F. E. Weatherly, in Cassell.*

HER FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

BY FRANCES EDWARDS.

A very pretty gray team and a rather old-fashioned basket phaeton stood in front of a large, cream-brick house on Clifton avenue, one Tuesday morning in late June. The air and sunshine and sky were perfect. A most tempting morning for a drive.

The owner of the turnout, Colonel Baker, was within the mansion soliciting Miss Hazel Traft's company for a drive. The young lady had not the slightest objection to going with him. He was an old friend of her father's, an amusing story-teller and very fond of his horses. He was called "Colonel," not from any connection with military life, but it was a title received in his early boyhood days and it had clung to him as nicknames and titles of this sort often do.

As for Miss Hazel, she was an unspoiled child of sixteen, with a merry laugh, bright, brown eyes and hair that "fruzzled" about her face, cheeks where the color came and went like the rose flush in an evening sky. She had no extraordinary talents and gave promise of none, except the talent of being charmingly girlish and exceedingly feminine in all her tastes. She was at that happy stage of young life—just beginning to have "admirers." Her dear friend, Edie Longstreet, had said at parting the week before on graduating day: "Now, dear, at the first symptom of an engagement you write me, and I'll do the same to you: and be sure and accept your first offer. It always brings good luck in the end, and even if it isn't just what you desire, you know it is always easy to break an engagement." With this sage advice reposing in her mind, Hazel kept her eyes open to the possible advent of a lover, though she felt very shy, and in fact dreaded a proposal outside of her own dreams.

The colonel she did not regard in the light of an admirer. He was older than her father, and had been married twice already, which ought to be enough for any sane man, she thought.

Presently they came out of the house and he helped her into the carriage. Very lovely she looked in a pale ecru dress, and a hat to match with a flaming bunch of poppies low down on one side.

"Which way shall we go?" he said, as he took up the reins.

"Oh! I don't care—anywhere so that we can go fast—you know I don't like to poke along."

This sly maiden well knew that the colonel always liked to drive fast. She gave him a quick glance and a little laugh.

"Yes, well, have you been out to the park lately? No? Suppose we go out then; there is plenty of room and good roads," he added.

"Very well. That will be delightful! and say, when the horses are going real nice won't you let me drive just a little? I think I am a good driver," with another upward glance, "and with you here, colonel, there could be no possible danger."

So they went spinning along unfrequented drives and lovely shady places. The colonel prided himself on the rapid, even gait of his favorites. Hazel had her wish to drive granted. She pressed her little foot against the rod and held the reins until her arms were "all tired out." Then the colonel took them again and turned the horses toward Clifton avenue, Hazel chatting away about her friend Effie, and the lovely time she would have when she would visit her next month.

On the way down the avenue they met Dr. Whitebeck, driving slowly, and bent over in his seat, meditatively eying the dashboard, as if profoundly considering some scientific theory or studying the latest "treatment of a case." The moment he looked up and saw them, he grasped his whip. The horse gave a start, which nearly threw the doctor over backward, and went furiously up the street.

"Deuce take that colonel!" he muttered under his breath. "What business has he to be driving her out so much?" Then with a grim smile and a long-drawn breath, "It's none of my business, though, none whatever, if she rides to the end of the earth with him."

This young man had met Hazel the summer before while visiting a school friend. He was proud, poor, reserved and ambitious—a self-made man—but uncomfortable in society. He lacked the ease and polish that many an unworthy, weak man possesses, who is brought up in the habits of refined society. He felt this lack keenly—overestimated his "barbarism"—as he called his unpolished style.

It was a singular fact that in the sick-room he never felt any of these sensations, but was self-possessed, calm, masterful. Many ladies who considered Dr. Whitbeck dull and disagreeable on a first introduction, modified their ideas at once on seeing his tenderness and skill with a patient.

Hazel first saw him, by accident, binding up the broken leg of a dog one day when she was out for a walk in the country. His goodness to this little stray creature touched her heart, and his manly form and open face beaming intelligence and kindness as he arose from his cramped position on the ground impressed her strongly. She went up to him like a child, without embarrassment or hesitation, and spoke of what he had been doing.

It followed in the conversation that he knew her friends with whom she was stopping, and walked home with her. They were introduced, though, as Hazel said, "it was entirely superfluous after such an extensive acquaintance." Almost every day during the remainder of the summer they were companions, riding, walking, fishing, sailing.

Dr. Whitbeck was more at his ease in the open air. His scientific knowledge often came into use, and he grew to be a sort of hero—a skilled hero in her eyes; she thought there was nothing he did not know and could not do.

To him, this child-woman grew more charming every day. Her innocence and open admiration for him was quite too much for his reserve, which melted completely away in the sunshine of her presence. She was such a lovable little maiden, with her merry laugh and ready sympathy. He did not realize how he had opened his heart to her and the strength of his passion until it was too late. When he did see his danger with strange fatuity he said to himself: "She does not know it. I'll make no resistance now, but go on and be happy in the present, as I shall probably never again know happiness in my life." So they had parted without one word of love being spoken.

The following winter Dr. Whitbeck had commenced practicing in the same city where Hazel lived. She met him occasionally and invited him to call, but he was always busy and a strange coolness grew up between them. He actually seemed to avoid her. She thought with a woman's sensitiveness that she had been silly and foolish, and he regarded her as too trifling a piece of humanity to be worthy of his least attention, so with equal coolness she studiously avoided him.

The summer days slipped away, she and the colonel enjoying many a drive in Sylvan Park. She made a visit to Effie and came home looking prettier, if possible, than ever. With her thoroughly hopeful disposition and perfect health she seemed to radiate happiness.

Autumn came and early winter, still she had received proposals—not one. Her young gentlemen friends did not find it easy to make advances with her in spite of her frankness and seeming pleasure in their society. The only person who really enjoyed her confidence was the colonel, whom she regarded as a sort of father confessor.

However, the fatal day came at last. She and the colonel had been out for one of their numerous drives. They had been unusually merry, the colonel behaving much like a young boy. On bringing her home, he came in ostensibly to "get warm." Standing with his back to the fire and his hands folded behind him, and his feet wide apart, he regarded Hazel in an abstracted way as she threw off her wraps, dropping her cloak on a chair, her hat on a sofa, dragging a scarf over a stand and leaving a mitten on the floor.

Suddenly bringing his heels together with a click and raising himself up on his toes and letting himself down again, he said:

"Come here, child, I want to tell you something."

Hazel came over to where he was standing, and, dropping into a chair, looked up with expectation in her eyes.

The colonel took a step, wheeled around facing her and said in a deprecating way, "I don't know how to tell you, I am not an eloquent man—not much of a man anyway—but I—I love you, have loved you since you were a wee child. Perhaps—I suppose I do seem old to you, but I feel younger than I did at twenty. I do so long to devote the remainder of my life to you, darling, could you? Do you think you could be my wife?"

Hazel, at first dumbfounded and feeling a strong inclination to laugh and cry both, tried in vain to collect her wits. Her first offer! And Colonel Baker, with his queer ways and bald head standing there with that ridiculous quaver in his voice! It was too much!

"No," she cried, springing up. "How could you ever think I would consent to such a thing?"

Then a sense of all his goodness and worth—it mingled a feeling of pity at his distress—came over her, and clasping the palms of her hands together, she said, brokenly: "Oh! you are so good. I like you. I am very sorry, but I am sure—no—I don't think I could make you happy."

"My dear child," he said, with sudden courage, taking her clasped hands in his, "is there any one whom you care more for?"

"No, oh, no!" she said, blushing and then suddenly paling. "There is no one."

"Then let me have an opportunity to win your love. I can't give you up, dear. The thought of you has entered so entirely into my life that I cannot go away without a little hope. You do not hate me, little one?"

"No, no!" she said, in distress, "but I—"

"Never mind, don't try to explain yourself or your feelings. Let everything be just as it always has. Remember that I love you and let me come and see you often." Pressing two fervent kisses on her hands, he shot out of the door and was off before Hazel had time to turn around.

She gathered up her things and went straight to her room. Then she threw herself into a large wicker chair and began rocking herself violently and screaming with laughter. This was succeeded by fits of crying, and again more laughter and tears, until exhausted, she dropped asleep in her chair with her head resting on the broad arm. When awakened late in the day by her cramped position and a raging headache, she was too miserable to think, or offer any resistence, when her sister insisted on putting her to bed. It was so unusual for her to be ill.

In the days that followed Hazel was alternately merry and sad, very talkative or absolutely silent for hours together. She ate little and seemed restless and nervous in the house, would start when ever the door bell rang, and if it happened to be Colonel Baker, she always tried to escape to her room, and was invariably "engaged or "not at home." She spent much time out of doors, taking long walks even on severely cold days. Her face grew pinched and lost its color.

How long this state of affairs would have continued it is impossible to say. But for the intervention of an accident, the colonel's efforts to win her love would probably have never ceased to this day.

Hazel was coming up the street one day from the postoffice. There had been a storm of sleet and snow the day before and the walks were treacherously slippery. She was looking over her letters when suddenly, right on a crossing, her foot slipped. There was a horse coming around the corner. She never knew just what happened; she struck something and felt herself being lifted, while a well-known voice said, "My God! I have killed her! Oh, my darling! My darling!" Then all sensation vanished.

Some time later, when consciousness returned, she found herself in bed with a frightened, tearful group around her and Dr. Whitebeck calmly pouring something down her throat. He had just put her displaced shoulder in order, and she felt a terrible dizziness in her head. Then he ordered everybody out of the room and lowered a window, saying she must have more air. He wrote out his prescriptions and was ready to leave. He stepped to the side of the bed. Hazel's eyes were closed, but the tears were running down her temples. He set his teeth together, but it was no use.

"Forgive me!" he said, in a tone of agonized entreaty. "Oh, God! I might have killed you."

Hazel opened her eyes very wide. She gave him a look which said plainly: "I love you," and with a faint smile closed her eyes again.

In a moment he was on his knees beside the bed, and, quivering with long repressed passion, he exclaimed:

"Hazel, Hazel, my darling! Do you love me? Do you? Tell me, love! Oh?" he went on, "I never meant to tell you this; not until I had something more to offer than an empty hand; but I love you with all the strength of my being. Do you forgive me?"

She smiled again and said, "There is nothing to forgive, dear."

Then he bent over and kissed her again, oh, so fondly. "Tell me, dearest, that you will be mine some day. I must hear you say it."

"Oh," she answered with a little sigh of happiness, "I am entirely yours."

There is little more to tell. Her recovery was rapid, with a physician and lover in one. The colonel found out his mistake. But at the wedding Hazel whispered to her first bridesmaid, Effie, that she thought first proposals lucky. The colonel had sent her a lovely diamond bracelet for a wedding present.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Island-Ship.

The Island of Ascension, in the South Atlantic, belongs to the British admiralty, and is enrolled in the list of ships in commission under the title of "the tender to H. M. S. Flora." This originated in the fact that a vessel of that name was once anchored off the island as a store ship, and part of the stores were kept on shore. Naval discipline is maintained, but a few ladies, wives of the officers—exiled to this barren spot, are allowed to remain here, submitting to naval routine, which includes all lights out by 10 P. M. There is no water, except intermittent collections of rain or dew, insufficient for the needs of the inhabitants. Nothing can be cultivated, though a few green things grow on the peak of one of the higher hills and some narrow ravines which concentrate the scanty dews and showers. Sea turtles and terns (locally known as "wide-awakes") are the sole edible productions. Cows are brought there, and at first supply a small quantity of milk, which is reserved for the hospital. Should there be a surplus, it is sold, a bell being rung to announce the event, but nobody is allowed to buy more than one gill. After a time the milk dries up, and the cow is turned into beef to save her from starving to death.

An American returning to England left his steamer and went ashore to look at the island, and came near running against an officer with flaxen whiskers, who suddenly issued from a building. The officer raised his eyeglass, looked at the stranger with astonishment, and, before the latter could apologize, called out:

"Simmons!"

A bearded seaman, responding "Ay, ay, sir," appeared on the scene.

The officer continued: "Simmons, do you know what this person wants, or who he is!"

"No, sir; I can't say, I'm sure, sir."

The American began to explain: "Sir, I am a citizen of the United"—

The naval man interrupted him, and said: "Simmons, do you think he is a stowaway?"

"Can't say, sir, I'm sure," replied the imperturbable Simmons.

"Is there a merchant steamer at anchor here?"

"Yes, sir; Cape mail, sir."

"Well, Simmons, just go the officer of the watch, and ask him if he has given permission to any person to board us. And—er—see what this person wants."

The American, now very angry, began again: "Sir, I am"—

He was again interrupted by the officer: "Simmons, I am engaged now, I cannot see this person. Perhaps you had better take him to the officer of the watch." And he went off before all the terrors of the United States could be launched upon his head; while the seaman, grinning respectively when his superior's back was turned, conducted the irate Yankee to the officer at the landing place, with whom he had but just come ashore. Sociable fellows, our British cousins, even upon a desert island.—*Science.*

The Age of Fishes.

It is not generally known that there is hardly any limit to the age of a fish. Professor Baird, of the United States fish commission, is the authority of your correspondent for the statement that there is authentic evidence to show that carp have attained an age of 200 years. Professor Baird also says that there is a tradition that within fifty years a pike was living in Russia whose age dated back to the fifteenth century. "There is nothing," he says, "to prevent a fish from living almost indefinitely, as it has no period of maturity, but grows with each year of life." There are gold fish in this city that have belonged to one family for over fifty years. They do not appear to be much larger than when they were originally placed in the aquarium, and are every bit as lively as they were when young. There are so many fish stories in circulation that the ordinary reader has almost made up his mind that fish and truth do not go well together. Probably some persons will doubt what is said by Professor Baird about the age a fish can attain. If they do, they are simply doubting the best known authority on fish. The Russian minister says that in the royal aquariums in St. Petersburg there are fish to-day that have been known by the records to have been in them 140 years. Some of them are, he says, over five times as large as they were when first captured, while others have not grown an inch in length. An attache of the Chinese legation corroborates this statement. He says there are sacred fish kept in some of the palaces in China that are even older than any of those in Russia.—*New York Herald.*

A Rara Avis.

Freaks and curiosities in plenty
The various dime shows gather,
But here's one I ween
That never was seen,
And that is the youth of twenty
Who doesn't know more than his father.
—*Boston Courier.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Bonnet strings are tied under the chin.

Clasps and buttons of wood are richly carved.

Loop-shell pins are much used in dressing the hair.

Collars, cuffs and belts are made of beaded galloon.

Escurial tulle is embroidered with chenille and beads.

English tailor made suits have panels and bindings of fur.

Draperies are narrow, one breadth of the material sufficing.

Bridal cakes are now decorated with wreaths of natural flowers.

A Washington bridegroom recently gave the minister a $1,000 note.

Fashionable brides no longer carry stupendous bouquets during the church ceremony.

At a recent English wedding the bridemaids carried huge bunches of grapes instead of flowers.

Count de Lesseps' daughter is his confidential secretary, and travels with him wherever he goes.

It is perpetually leap year in Utah, and a lady can with propriety at any time ask a man to marry her.

Ultra fashionable ladies in New York import their dresses from Japan and give "Mikado" receptions.

A pale pink gown wreathed with chrysanthemums was the dress worn by a bride-elect at a party in Paris.

A woman's colony is to be located in the San Luis Valley, Colorado, and the colonists will engage in raising small fruits and domestic animals. No men will be admitted.

A new old style now exhibited in watches for ladies' wear is a Louis XIV. design; in a word, a fac simile of the watches carried during that period by the court beauties.

Sage tea, into which has been put enough bay rum to keep it from becoming sour, is an old-fashioned but excellent wash for the hair. Probably there is none better to prevent the hair from falling out.

A friend of the fair sex declares that a raw potato is more effectual in beautifying the complexion than cosmetics. The face should be rubbed with the vegetable, then washed, and then a gentle friction. Ladies are advised to keep a raw potato on the washstand at all times.

Mrs. Caroline Brooks, whose "butter bust" of "The Sleeping Iolanthe," was one of the wonders of the centennial exposition, and who has since that time been pursuing the study of the sculptor's art diligently, is now in Washington engaged upon a portrait bust of Thurlow Weed.

Lillian Light, of Hayneville, Miss., a child of eight years, has displayed a remarkable talent for modeling. The figures are declared to be not childish imitations, but remarkable accurate likenesses. Her best piece represents a negro praying, and is considered very clever.

In Iceland the women have votes as well as voices in church affairs. The custom has existed there for ages, and is kept up by the Icelanders who have emigrated to this country and settled in Dakota. There are in Dakota, Montana and Manitoba, nearly a dozen Icelandic congregations.

For coming wear the hair is dressed in fluffy curls in front, Pompadour style, and the back hair in wavy loops, not too large, but long, ending in two or three graceful curls falling on the neck. Fancy pins in gold and silver, studded with brilliants or Rhine stones, are much used as ornaments.

Feather trimming of all kinds is to be worn, and the odder it is the more fashionable it is. Some which looks like an elongated feather duster is to be worn on wraps. The marabout edge, which was so pretty until it became the possession of every woman, is still made and worn on some expensive dresses and outer wraps.

The eye is at last relieved from the severity of tailor made suits by the introduction of checked goods and railroad stripes. The stripes are in white on a black, dark brown or blue ground. These are more appropriate of course for young ladies than for older ones. A trimming of galloon is de rigeur on such costumes.

The queen of Sweden is waited on by footmen who wear a very quaint uniform, consisting of a tunic, petticoat and breeches edged with gold lace. Their attire includes a wonderful headdress, consisting of a kind of embroidered skull cap from which rise three ostrich feathers, none of which is less than three feet high.

Nothing is truer than that there is nothing new under the sun. Here we are in the latter half of the nineteenth century and we are wearing the self-same styles for evening which were worn in the time of Marie Antoinette. The old brocades, of which tiny bits are extant, are being copied in the looms of Lyons, coloring and design complete.

The queen did not succeed so well in getting her favorite poplins popularized this season, either in this country or in England. In England they are being used for upholstery, and for this purpose they are really more appropriate than for dress goods. There is an uncompromising stiffness about the fabric which can hardly be overcome. For children's kilts it does well.

Hereditary Transmissions.

In the hereditary transmission of characteristics there are always two forces in operation, which we may call dilution and re enforcement. It is a matter of every-day observation that a tendency may be strengthened or weakened by crossing, and it is upon this fact that breeders of special strains of dogs, cattle or horses rely in great part, the only other influence at their disposal being alternation of food, habitation or other environment of the young. Exactly the same holds good with the human species. For instance, a man with an hereditary tendency to gout may marry a women with the same tendency and their son by his manner of living may develop gout at an early age, that is to say, the tendency in the father, reinforced by marriage, and again reinforced by habit, develops in the son with great rapidity. On the other hand a man with a gouty tendency may marry a woman free from that tendency, and thereby dilute in force. There are, of course, well-known facts which militate against this view, but they are generally held, we believe, to be exceptions to the rule. In the case of gout, phthisis and some other diseases, the exceptions are probably more apparent than real; of the general truth of the law there can be no question.—*British Medical Journal.*

HOW CRACKERS ARE MADE.

EIGHTY-FIVE VARIETIES TURNED OUT IN A MANUFACTORY.

A Dough Machine that Handles Six Barrels of Flour at Once—Dies Cutting all Sorts of Things.

"Here is where the beginning is made," said the cracker-maker, as ushering a Denver *Tribune-Republican* reporter downstairs into the bowels of the earth he pointed out a huge iron cylinder in one corner, into which some genius from above was letting down flour as fast as a man beside the machine could take care of it. The cylinder was what is known as a barrel mixer, and could work at once dough containing six barrels of flour. It had an open, rectangular mouth, into which the flour was sifted down through a chute above as it was wanted, and within were two hollow shafts of equal length revolving in opposite directions on a single core shaft axis, and on which the cylinder turns when it is to be emptied of its load. Perpendicular arms from these shafts thoroughly mix the water and flour, or "sponge," as it is called, which is the first operation in manufacture. Two lines of belting work the shafting. It requires but twelve minutes on an average to work up a batch of sponge, which is gotten out by turning the mixer three-fourths of the way and pulling the sponge out into long, vat-like tubs on wheels, holding half a batch apiece. These vats are only half filled, as the sponge is left to work over night, so that in the morning it is not unusual to find a vat running over. The aerated sponge is then tumbled back into the mixer, and after a few minutes working over, it becomes the regular article of dough.

This machine is a wonderful help for bakers, as with one man it does, in the twelve minutes stated, what it would take three men three-fourths of an hour to accomplish, and half kill them at that.

For plain, sponge goods, the ingredients in this "half stock," as paper-makers would call it, are the flour, water, fine lard, salt, and bicarbonate of soda; but it is only with soda cracker stock that the sponge dough is used. For sweet goods the mixing is a single process. It is also at this stage of manufacture that spices, fruits, sweetmeats, and other alluring and palatable things go into the goods. And it is here that the making of fancy crackers is full of secret mixings, some of these having required months of experimenting and large outlays of money in their perfection. For this reason, weights and mixtures are carefully guarded from prying eyes, especially from competitors.

From the mixing machine it is but a step to the kneaders, known as first and second brakes. Each of these consists of two smooth and parallel iron rolls, set at such a distance apart as the desired thickness of the dough sheets may call for.

The first brake is in the cellar with the mixer, so that the dough is led directly to this brake from the dough vats. The sheets are then sent up stairs and fed through the second brake preparatory to running through the cutting machines. These "brakes" are somewhat analogous to the brake and finisher of a woolen mill "set," which cloth men will readily recognize. These machines can be turned by hand or steam power as may be desired, as some fancy dough of peculiar mixing require hand power, and they take the place of the first in kneading. After the finishing brake has polished off the dough into finished sheets of a regulation width the stock is then started on the cutting machine. The dough is here carried by an endless cloth carrier and fed by a regulating attachment to another endless cloth carrier belt below, whence it passes under the cutter dies. Here whatever form the cracker is to take is stamped out, and just beyond the dies the cracker stock passes under a rack like machine set with the dip toward the belt, and which picks up the skeletoned dough, carrying it over into a receptacle, whence it is taken to be kneaded over again into dough stock.

One boy keeps inserting wire trays about three feet long at the end of the carrier belting, and another boy further along moves the pan out as the belting drops the cut stock upon the pans. Each cutting machine is worth from $800 to $1,000, and the one referred to can take care of stock requiring 150 sacks of flour in twenty-four hours.

As fast as the pans are filled they are set on the swing shelves of the ovens, where a single revolution of the pans, requiring on the average three minutes for the baking of all goods. There are two ovens in this establishment of ten and twelve pan capacity. The first is ten feet wide by twenty-two high, and the latter is sixteen feet wide by twenty-four feet high, and the shelves are three feet wide by ten and sixteen feet long. These shelves upon which the pans are placed are on an iron skeleton wheel which revolves, with the shelves remaining, of course, horizontal.

The cooked goods are then carried over to the packing table, where the best are selected and packed in boxes of such sizes and styles as the market may call for. The broken and imperfect crackers are ground up into cracker meal, for which there is such a demand that good stock has often to be ground up. This meal is used largely by restaurant and hotel keepers in breading meats, frying oysters, thickening soups, etc.

"How many varieties of crackers do you manufacture?" asked the reporter, as he looked over the office samples.

"Eighty-five is the standard number, but we can run up when the market calls for it. Now here are these cookies," pointing to some symmetrical, white looking specimens with well-rounded center holes. "The dough in this case has to be made of such a consistency that on being chopped from the die it will assume practically the present shape. It took a long time and careful study to get at the thing, and of course it is a secret.

"There is another case, indicating a case of little round rolls. Take common dough and these things would bake flat. As it is, the specially-prepared dough assumes this perfectly round shape of itself on being dropped from the die. There is lots of fine points in this as well as in other trades."

A Knife Worth $1,000.

General Phil Sheridan and Senator Palmer sat side by side at a table at the Army of the Cumberland reunion at Grand Rapids. "Senator," observed Sheridan, "I have a knife here that I'll sell you for five cents. I cannot give it to you, because the gift of a knife cuts friendship. The man of whom I secured it sold it to me on the same terms and for the same reasons." "Who sold it to you?" "General Grant." The Senator bought it, and says that $1,000 would not buy it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WISE WORDS.

Flattery is like cologne water—to be smelt of, not swallowed.

Credit is an enemy to entice you to buy what you don't want.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for want of a little courage.

Habits have more force in forming our characters than our opinions have.

Look after the establishment of a worthy character, and leave its appreciation to others.

Those who think money will do anything may be suspected of doing anything for money.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade—in short, in all management of human affairs.

We are sent into this world to make it better and happier; and in proportion as we do so we make ourselves both.

At least nine-tenths of those most successful in business, start in life without any reliance except upon their head and hands.

There is no degree of merit so high as to place man beyond the reach of temptation or to prevent him from raising still higher.

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, and at times grieved at it; but no man is ever discontented with the world if he does his duty in it.

Genius without religion is only a lamp on the outer gate of a palace. It may serve to cast a gleam of light on those that are without, while the inhabitant sits in darkness.

The only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing your conscience's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill comes on.

Wrinkles.

An Italian scientist, M. Mantegazza, has recently written a study on the science of wrinkles. He believes that a man's history can be written from his wrinkles. Entering into a description of the different varieties and their meanings, he says that those across the forehead are found even in children who are rickety or idiots. Going in the sun with the face insufficiently covered brings them on prematurely. But they are in every case normal at forty, or even earlier. Vertical wrinkles between the eyes come quickly to men who study or who worry themselves. This can readily be imagined: The eyebrows contract naturally when in deep thought; grief or worry produces the same action, which, when repeated frequently, produces a fold in the skin, marking emotion undergone many times. One of the rules of the Jesuits was that the eyebrows were not to be contracted. This was excellent from a moral point of view, and it was also excellent to prevent wrinkles between the eyes. Between these and the straight lines on the forehead already mentioned, come the arched wrinkles of the forehead, found above the roof of the nose. These often tell of long and cruel physical suffering, or of still more painful mental torture. They arise from a great development of the vertical wrinkles and the resistance of the skin above. The crow's feet mark the fortieth year. They are especially detested by ladies, says M. Mantegazza; and he forthwith relates an anecdote of a lady who succeeded in keeping off the dreaded visitation long after it was due by the expedient of using springs to keep the skin stretched at night at the corners of the eyes. These wrinkles are characterized by furrows which diverge from external angles of the eye in all directions, like the claws of the bird from which they are named. The wrinkles of the nose are less frequent and less noticeable, and appear in old age. Those which extend from the nostrils down each side of the mouth (the rides naso labiales are perhaps the first to appear). The reason is simple. These furrows are created in laughing or mastication; a simple smile is sufficient to produce them; so it is not surprising the repetition of the commonest acts should soon be graven on the face. They are also hereditary. M. Mantegazza had them when he was twenty-two years of age, and his children had them from their earliest years. The wrinkles of the cheeks and chin follow the oval of the face, and are caused by a diminution of the fatty substance under the skin, which then falls into folds. These smaller wrinkles, which form a network in the lower part of the cheeks near the ears have the same origin, and only appear in old age. Those found in the upper eyelids, and sometimes in the lower, which give the eyes an air of fatigue, are the results of hard living, grief, or worry.

It Is Well to Remember

That old friends are best.

That the tongue is not steel, yet it cuts.

That the purest water runs from the hardest rock.

That cheerfulness is the bright weather of the heart.

That sleep is the best stimulant, a nervine safe for all to take.

That it is better to be able to say no, than to be able to read Latin.

That cold air is not necessarily pure nor warm air necessarily impure.

That a cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

That there are men whose friends are more to be pitied than their enemies.

That advice is like castor oil, easy enough to give, but hard enough to take.

That wealth may bring luxuries, but that luxuries do not always bring happiness.

That grand temples are built of small stones, and great lives made up of trifling events.

That nature is a rag merchant who works up every shred and art and end into new creations.

That an open mind, an open hand, and an open heart would everywhere find an open door.

That it is not enough to keep the poor in mind; give them something to make them keep you in mind.

That men often preach from the housetops, while the devil is crawling in to the basement window.

That life's real heroes and heroines are those who bear their own burdens bravely and give a helping hand to those around them.

That hasty words often rankle in the wound which injury gives, and that soft words assuage it, for giving cures, and forgetting takes away the scar.—*Good Housekeeping.*

An English scientist believes that fragments of Noah's ark are still in existence, and he proposes to take a party to Mount Ararat to search for them.

MEXICO'S PRIMEVAL WOODS

SOME OF THE VEGETABLE WONDERS OF VERA CRUZ.

What a Traveler Saw in Primeval Forests—Strange and Useful Plants and Trees.

Fannie B. Ward, in a letter describing a visit to an isolated region of the state of Vera Cruz, Mexico, says: The forest abounds in a species of magnolia, here known as yoloxochitl, covered with lovely, sweet-smelling flowers, which are pinkish white outside and yellow within. The petals, before full blown, assume the form of a cross, and afterward of a splendid star. The superstitious Indians never fail to cross themselves and mutter an ave at sight of one. They tell us that an infusion of the glittering leaves is a certain cure for vomito and diarrhœa, and that its flowers will relieve palpitation of the heart. Among the myriad vines is one with scarlet leaves that is always found encircling the stems of the magnolia, the celebrated "water plant," called by the Mexicans the "Easter flower." In case of dire necessity, its large red leaves would appease hunger, but its chief mission is that of nature's cup bearer. It treasures the priceless dew within its hollowed leaves, and presents to thirsty travelers a never-failing store. Our pious guides and servants, believing it to be a boon direct from heaven, because of the cross and star upon the yoloxochitl, were perpetually imbibing the moisture between fervent orisons, till the wonder grew how their distended stomachs could contain so much.

The valuable vanilla bramfolia is indigenous to these humid groves, and is carefully sought during certain seasons by the Indians of the tierra caliente. It is now produced only in the States of Vera Cruz and Oaxaca, though (according to Baron Humboldt, Europe received its entire supply of this commodity from Mexico prior to 1812. The aromatic fruited plant was assiduously cultivated by those ancient tribes, the Totonacs, who once inhabited all this coast region. Though it requires little care—nothing but shade and moisture being necessary to its existence—and is to-day more valuable than in the days when Montezuma and his Aztec nobles traded for it with the Totonacs, it is no longer grown to any great extent. But it still springs up out of sight in the wilderness, and flourishes at its best in hidden jungles on the eastern declivity of the Vera Cruz Cordilleras. The Indians who reside hereabouts in their primitive villages are restricted by stern laws from gathering the neglected plant at will. The vanilla harvest begins in March and ends in May, and during that season the alcalde of every hamlet apportions to each man his quarto of labor and profit—carefully looking out for his own lion's share of the proceeds. The delicate pods—every one of which has a sure marketable value—are watched with great solicitude while being dried in the sun and made ready for shipping, to protect them from mold, mice and insects. Here, too, the Jallap abounds, a tiny plant, with slender branches and heart-shaped leaves, tinged with red, hiding here and there a blossom of violet blue. It is called by the natives tolonpatl, and takes its European name from the old town, Jalapa, near which it was discovered in Cortez's time. This beautiful convolvulus springs up spontaneously on all the mountains of Southern Mexico, having tap roots of pear-like shape. Unfortunately, the Indians destroy it by tearing away its tubercles, and the day is not distant when the drug will become more scarce than the quina tree.

Among the many trees which were hitherto unknown to us are wild guavas, a sort of myrtle, growing naturally in the higher altitudes of the tropics, and here attaining a height of several feet. Its fruit, which seldom ripens before being eaten by birds and larvæ, is luscious and indescribably fragrant. Everybody is fond of green guavas, but few have ever had opportunity to test their taste with the fruit when fully ripened. They are in great favor among physicians, because of their astringent and anti-febrile properties; and guava jelly, as all the world knows, is one of the necessities of a traveler's outfit. When cultivated the shrub changes its appearance so greatly as to be scarcely recognizable; its branches grow longer, its leaves acquire a silvery lining, and its fruit becomes as large as lemons, much resembling the latter in shape and color.

In these forests nutmeg trees are found in great profusion, though becoming extremely rare in other portions of Mexico. The natives use an enormous quantity of Malucca nutmeg, both as remedy and a condiment—their chief medicines being these, camphor and asafœtida, but with characteristic improvidence they neglect nature's benefits, and buy what they might easily raise. Here also are countless lime trees, the wood of which is valued by the Indians for making those various odds and ends which are sold by thousands all over Mexico. In Europe these trees have been so changed by horticulture that they scarcely appear to belong to the same species as their brethren in the virgin woods. Across the ocean the bark is used for well ropes, and the charcoal made from it is preferred to any other for the manufacture of gunpowder. Then here is the "vegetable butter" tree, the Avacado pear, the fruit of which yields a soft rich pulp of buttery nature. It is pear-shaped, light green inside, and called by the Indians ahuacate. It can never be eaten as fruit, but is so inimitable for salads that New York epicures frequently pay as high as $2 for a single pear, for sometimes the fruit comes to your markets from Cuba. Strange to say, this vegetable butter tree belongs to the laurel family, but is the only member of it which produces anything edible. First there is the bay tree (laurus novilis), the leaves of which are indispensable in French cookery, while its berries yield an oil much prized in medicines; next comes laurus camphora, from the leaves of which camphor is extracted; then laurus cinnamomum, the bark of which is called cinnamon, and lastly, sassafras, the aromatic wood said to be a powerful sudorific.

The forests are full of wild dahlias, growing about three feet high, and producing only single blossoms of pale yellow. They are perennial in Mexico, and from this country were first carried across the sea. The double flowers, with their hundred tints and varieties, have been produced by cultivation, and many a wealthy Mexican, who imports his garden dahlias from Europe at great expense, has not the remotest idea that the plant is indigenous to his own soil. Dahlia roots are a staple article of food among the Indians, who eat them boiled and salted. Though somewhat insipid to the taste, they are decidedly preferable to wild potatoes; and perhaps the day is coming when these bulbs, made succulent by horticulture, will furnish our tables with a new delicacy.

WESTWARD-HO!

"Oh, where are you going, my pretty fair maid?"
"I'm going to Bismark, sir," she said,
"A town far away in Dakota."
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"There are too many men there now," she said,
"I'm told, for the feminine quota."
"And what will you do there, my pretty maid?"
"Oh, that was settled long since, sir," she said;
"I shall marry a wealthy young farmer."
"Are you going alone there, my pretty maid?"
"There's a couple of thousand behind me," she said,
"But I am the charmingest charmer."
"Oh, why don't you marry here, my pretty maid?"
"'Cause no one has asked me to, sir," she said,
"And I am a couple and twenty."
"But, why do you hurry so, my pretty maid?"
"'Tis a race for a man, you know, sir," she said,
"And I must get there while they're plenty."
—*Columbus Dispatch.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Prince of Wails—The new baby.

A motto which undertakers do not believe in—Live and let live.

The butcher may be regarded as a help meat to the human family.

In many boarding houses the torture at the steak is still adhered to.

Tailors will give you fits, but it requires a lawyer to run up a suit.

It is all well enough to preach "peace on earth and good will to men," but no man can feel that way with a boil on his nose.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"Tell me, Thomas, how many voyage around the world did Captain Cook make?" "Three." "Correct. And on which of these voyages was he killed?"—*Puck.*

A poet sings, "Where are the girls of the past?"
And over them makes quite a fuss.
He may sing if he likes of the girls of the past,
But the girls of the present for us.
—*Boston Courier.*

The greatest punishment to a prisoner is enforced idleness, but the greatest trial a woman can undergo is to have a new bonnet in the house on a rainy Sunday.—*Chicago Ledger.*

There is no great difference between the average young lady possessed of a musical education and the squeaking toy. They both have have to be pressed to sing.—*Boston Transcript.*

Said the magistrate to an actress: "Your profession, madsmoiselle." "Artiste." Your age?" "Twenty-two." "Clerk, you can now swear the lady to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."—*Paris Figaro.*

When single, I longed to be married,
When married, I wish I had staid;
The benedict wishes he'd tarried,
And the wife she had died an old maid.
Like flies at a window in summer,
We mortals resemble, no doubt;
Those outside all wish to be inside,
Those inside all want to get out.
—*Cincinnati Sun.*

Percentage.

The reckoning of percentages is a constant stumbling block to the novice. Even experienced newspaper writers often become muddled when they attempt to speak of it. The ascending scale is

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1885.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N. C.]

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Salem, N. C., Jan. 5, 1885.

☞ See prospectus of New York and Philadelphia papers. Subscriptions received at this office.

—This number of the PRESS closes its 33rd volume. In the future we will endeavor to publish a good family paper, giving all the important current news of a political and miscellaneous nature both at home and abroad. The local department will receive due attention, and the columns of the PRESS will be made as interesting as possible for all classes.

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Our printing office was established in 1827. And we tender our thanks for the liberal support heretofore received, hoping to merit not only a continuance of the same, but an increased patronage.

We wish all our friends and customers a happy and prosperous New Year.

—We expected to give our readers a list of the new buildings and improvements in Salem and Winston, but failed to obtain information from the contractors and builders in time for this issue. Will do so if possible next week.

—The mad-dog bitten children of Newark, N. J., have arrived in Paris, and been successfully inoculated by Pasteur.

—The twenty-three men and boys imprisoned in the coal mine, near Nanticoke, Pa., are beyond all human help, and are believed to be dead.

—Mad dogs are said to be snapping at people in the crowded streets of New York and its populous suburbs, and in three cities in the neighborhood, Newark, Passaic and Hoboken, systematic efforts, under official auspices, have been made to protect the streets.

—The will of Wm. H. Vanderbilt makes Jay Gould the richest man in America. By dividing the vast estate among many heirs, the share of no one of them will probably equal that of Jay Gould.

—Last Tuesday afternoon a fatal collision of freight trains occurred on the Western North Carolina Railroad, resulting in the death of one engineer and two firemen, and the probably fatal injury of another engineer.

—From the Agricultural Report of the United States for 1884, the following is the amount in bushels, of the different kinds of grain raised that year:

Buckwheat	11,817,327
Rye	19,831,595
Barley	43,997,495
Oats	457,858,999
Wheat	559,483,137
Corn	1,754,501,676

The amount of corn constitutes nearly two-thirds of the whole grain crop of this country.

The value of live stock in the United States, according to the same report for 1884, ranks as follows:

Sheep	$119,902,706
Mules	$161,214,976
Hogs	$246,301,139
Horses	$833,734,400
Cattle	$1,106,715,703

From this we see that the value of the sheep in our country is a little less than one-twentieth of the aggregate value of all live stock; mules nearly one-fifteenth; hogs about one-tenth; horses a little over one-third; and cattle nearly one-half the entire value of live stock.

—A man believed from papers found on his person to be L. S. Kempbell, was arrested at Council Bluffs, Iowa, who said he was en route to Washington to kill Cleveland in order to rid the country of Democratic government. He was heavily armed and had considerable money. He was from Sidney, Neb.

—For cuts, bruises, sprains or strains, burns, scalds, frost-bites, chilblains, and bites of poisonous insects, nothing equals Salvation Oil. It annihilates pain. Price 25 cents a bottle.

—The mother of George Parrish, the engineer who was recently killed in the recent railroad accident near Warm Springs, has employed counsel, as we have been informed, to bring suit against the railroad company for damages. — *Asheville Advance.*

Hon. Jas. W. Reid.

The following complimentary notice of Hon. James W. Reid is by a Washington correspondent: "Mr. Reid has acquired considerable influence in the departments and is personally popular among the members with whom he served in the 48th Congress for a short while. A gentleman from his district, while alluding to rivalries in the district, was disposed to think that Reid could hold his own anywhere. It is said that he has his father's popularity, and that the difference between the father and son is about this: Dr. Reid's mind was analytical and J. W. Reid's is poetical, sympathetic." We are glad to know that Mr. Reid's popularity is not confined to his own State. He is a true North Carolinian, and "to the manor born." The people know him and trust him.—*Reporter and Post.*

—Unless the New York *World* is incorrectly advised the general government has already adopted for coast and harbor defense an engine of war which, if all that is claimed for it be true, will effectually relieve the apprehension that our sea coast cities might be bombarded with ease in case of war by fleets of foreign ironclads with perfect safety to the latter. The contrivance is the Sims' electrical fish torpedo. With a range of two miles, it can be fired, propelled and steered from shore or from a vessel, can dive under floating spars, cut through ropes, describe a circle in a 200 feet area, go off at any angle,—in short can be controlled completely. It carries a charge of 400 pounds of dynamite.

Delinquent County Treasurers.

The law makes November 30th the close of the school fiscal year and requires the county treasurers to make immediate report to the State Superintendent of receipts and disbursements of school funds. The penalty for delay in complying with this requirement is severe, and ought to be, because it involves delay in the Superintendent's report. It is now the 22d of December and sixteen treasurers have not reported. Why this delay I do not know, but it is to be hoped that this complaint will not only cause the delinquent treasurers to forward their reports at once, but will prevent delay in the future.

S. M. FINGER.
Supt. Public Instruction.

Northern Farmers Prospecting in Virginia.

A staff correspondent of the New York *Star* writes from Richmond, Va.: "On the cars coming from Washington a party of western New York farmers were met who were on a prospecting tour, seeking new homes in Virginia. They said the winters of Northwestern New York were driving them to a more equable climate, and most of them bore the sure marks of consumption. Along the Virginia and North Carolina boundary there are extensive colonies of Northern settlers, and they are reported as prosperous and contented. In the party each had some relative or friend already settled here. There was one family,—man, wife and three children, with all their household goods—from the extreme northern part of New York, who spoke of the three feet of snow they had escaped from, and at the dinner station they left the train and were met by some friends who had already settled near the place. They seemed to be as happy as the genial sunshine which gave them an Old Virginia welcome.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless that he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and gained in flesh thirty six pounds. Trial Bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at the Drug Stores.

A War of Extermination Declared Against the Apache Indians.

DEMING, New Mexico, Dec. 24.—The leading citizens of Silver City held a meeting yesterday to devise means for prosecuting a war of extermination against the murderous Apaches. It was at first thought that the government would purchase forty or fifty bloodhounds to track the Indians, both Generals Crook and Bradley favoring the proposition as the only really available means of pursuing the red butchers. Word was received from Santa Fe that the army officers were willing to recommend the employment of bloodhounds, but thought it would be several months before the war department would act upon their recommendations. Upon learning this, the citizens called a meeting, and determined to raise money by subscription for the purchase of a pack of bloodhounds, and for again equipping and putting the local militia in the field. Wealthy ranchmen in attendance pledged over $3000 for the purchase of bloodhounds. It was also determined to raise a picked company of experienced Indian fighters from the several districts in the territory, who will immediately take the field and campaign the remainder of the winter.

Very Remarkable Recovery.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is able now to do her own work."

Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at Drug Stores.

—The New York *World* says: Among the distinguished dead this year are ex-President Grant, Vice President Hendricks, ex-Senators Gwinn, Fenton, Sharon and Robt Toombs, ex-Sec. Thompson, ex-Gov. Brown, Cardinal McCloskey, Dr. Tyng, Dr. Prime, Dr. Tett, Sir Moses Montefiore, Dr. Nachtigal, the African explorer, Franz Abt, the composer, Gens. McClellan, McDowell, and McDougal, John McCullough, the tragedian, Col. Burnaby, Dr. Joseph Alden, Schuyler Colfax, R. G. White, F. J. Feargus ("Hugh Conway"), Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, Hinton Rowan Helper, Henry W. Shaw (Josh Billings), W. H. Vanderbilt, and Dr. John C. Draper.

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE

—In Swain county, N. C., there is a church of Nature's own workmanship. It is near Jarrett's. It is called the "natural rock house." It stands on the Nantahala river, facing the river and the railroad, and resembles the ruins of an ancient mansion. The long, arched pillars give it a very majestic appearance. It has five rooms, the largest of which holds about 300 persons and is used for a church.

—At Durham, N. C., a great centre of the tobacco trade, a cotton mill is just getting under way for manufacturing the cloth for the little sacks in which smoking tobacco is packed. It is now turning out over a thousand yards a day, and will soon run it up to four thousand most of which will be used right there.

—The bridge across the railroad on the Conrad Hill road, Davidson County, is being replaced by a new bridge which is to be much wider, and is to have foot-walks on each side. It will be a decided improvement on the old bridge.—*Dispatch.*

—One day last week some of the authorities of the Richmond & Danville Railroad syndicate visited Company Shops and discharged over thirty of the hands employed in the railroad shops at that place. Carpenters, machinists, blacksmiths and others who have done faithful service, some for twenty-five years, were dismissed without warning or notice. The reduction of expenses is the reason assigned for this wholesale lopping off of employees.—*Alamance Gleaner.*

—We regret to learn from Mr. Kelly Sessoms that his son Troy, down on South river, while handling shot-gun cartridges, had the misfortune to receive an injury to one of his eyes from the explosion of one. After careful examination under Dr. King Anders, he was by advice sent to Wilmington and after examination there it was found that the cap which was in the eyeball could not be removed successfully, and he was then taken to Raleigh, where the eye-ball was taken out by Dr. Lewis. At last accounts he was doing well.—*Fayetteville News.*

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—*Peterson's Magazine* for January, excelling even itself. It is the finest number we ever saw. It has two splendid steel engravings, either worth the price of the number. Every mother will be in love with the one called "The Little Gardener," and every heart will beat sympathetically with "Homeless." The fashion plates, illustrations, stories, &c., are excellent.

—The great popularity and success of Salvation Oil, the great pain destroyer, has made it a target for counterfeiters. Beware of imitations. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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1886.
Harper's Young People.
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The position on HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as the leading weekly periodical for young readers is well established. The publishers spare no pains to provide the best and most attractive reading and illustrations. The serial and short stories have strong dramatic interest, while they are wholly free from whatever is pernicious or vulgarly sensational; the papers on natural history and science, travel and the facts of life, are by writers whose names give the best assurance of accuracy and value. Illustrated papers on athletic sports, games, and pastimes give full information on these subjects. There is nothing cheap about it but its price.

An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—*Boston Courier.*

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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

☞ CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Pamphlet free. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

PARSONS' PILLS MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Dr. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 23 C. H. St., Boston, Mass.

Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. It is strictly a medicine to be given with food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. 2 1-4 lb. air-tight tin cans, $1; by mail, $1.20. Six cans by express, prepaid, for $5.00.

MAKE HENS LAY

Nothing on earth will make hens lay like it. It cures chicken cholera and all diseases of hens. Is worth its weight in gold. Illustrated book by mail free.

DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston.

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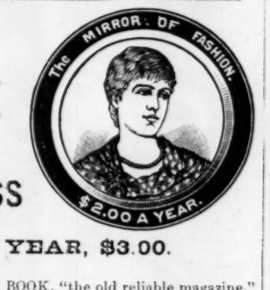
LADY'S BOOK
AND
THE PEOPLE'S PRESS



BOTH FOR ONE YEAR, $3.00.

Each month for 1886 GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, "the old reliable magazine," will contain a beautifully engraved frontispiece, illustrations of prevailing fashions in colors and black and white, designs of the latest novelties in fancy work in colors or black and white, of **Berlin work, crochet, drawn-thread work, embroidery, knitting, knotting or macrame, lace, netting, Poonah painting and tatting,** with complete instruction for the same. In addition to plain directions and perfect illustrations of the various stitches, and instructions in different kinds of **fancy work,** the magazine will contain many useful and elegant designs for a great variety of articles not affected by changes of fashion. It is so admirably adapted to its purpose as to be indispensable to the work-table of every lady. **A FULL SIZE CUT PAPER PATTERN,** of which you can make your own selection from any design illustrated in the magazine, **FREE OF COST,** exhaustive notes on **fashions** with full description of those illustrated, a department of **recipes** that have been practically tested before publication, a department on **housekeeping** and **dressmaking,** two pages of **select music,** an **architectural design,** a department of **agriculture,** besides **novels, novelettes, stories, history, biographical sketches, poetry, notes on music, art, literature, scientific miscellany** and current events of the day by the best magazine writers. The mechanical production of the book will excel that of any other $2 00 magazine published. The twelve books during the year will constitute a volume of over one thousand pages. Price $2.00. A sample copy 15 cents. Liberal terms to club raisers.

Address,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
P. O. Box H H, PHILADELPHIA.

LOOK OUT.

I am daily receiving my FALL and WINTER GOODS, all of which have ben bought at

EXTREMELY LOW FIGURES.

Large lot CASIMERES, KERSEYS, JEANS, SHIRTINGS, DOMESTIC, CALICO and LADIES DRESS GOODS. Also NOTIONS, ALL WOOL SHAWLS VERY CHEAP. MISSES and CHILDREN'S HOODS. Large Stock HATS and CAPS, MEN'S and BOYS' BOOTS, MEN'S, LADIES, MISSES, BOYS and CHILDREN'S SHOES,

RED SOLE LEATHER,

SUGAR, COFFEE, NOTIONS, SYRUP, MEAT, LARD, FISH and FANCY GROCERIES. Also DRUGS and SPICES, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE.

I AM AGENT FOR
DISSOLVED BONE PHOSPHATE
FOR WHEAT,
PRICE ONLY $2.75 PER SACK.
It is highly recommended for Wheat and Grasses.
DON'T FAIL TO TRY IT.

Thanking my friends and customers for their liberal support in past and hope by honest and fair dealings to merit a continuance of your esteemed favors, I am

Very Respectfully
D. S. REID.

Winston, N. C., Sept. 17th, 1885.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND
AT THE SALEM BOOK STORE

CHRISTMAS AND BIRTHDAY CARDS.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM, PROPRIETORS.

STILL AHEAD!!!

Our men are now busy making Stove Pipe to fit up in first-class style the

CAR LOAD OF
COOKING AND HEATING
STOVES
JUST RECEIVED.

Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

A NEW FEATURE!

We have perfected arrangements with Northern firms, by which all styles of

BRASS GOODS, ANDIRONS, FENDERS, GRATES, &c.; also PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL TILE for Mantels and Hearths.

WIRE GOODS,
RAILINGS,
IRON FENCING, &c.,

can be delivered here at New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore prices. We are always glad to show our stock

OR ORDER GOODS IN OUR LINE.

Roofing, Guttering, Tin Ware, &c., still done with neatness and care. Thanking the public for past patronage,

Respectfully,
GIERSH, SENSEMAN & CO.,
MAIN ST., SALEM, N. C.

North Carolina, WILKES COUNTY. } Special Proceeding.
Francis Hendrix vs. M. C. Hendrix, Lowery Hendrix and others. } Petition for Dower.

Flora Hodges and Charles Hodges, Defendants in the above entitled action, are hereby notified to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Wilkes County, at his office in Wilkesboro, N. C., on the 15th day of December, 1885, and answer or demur to the complaint of the Plaintiff filed in this action.

Witness my hand and official seal on this the 28th day of October, 1885.

I. S. CALL, C. S. C.
By E. O. MASTEN, D. C.
Cranor & Finley, Attorney for Plaintiff.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Send your name and address for the CEDAR COVE NURSERIES CATALOGUE, representing an immense stock of most beautiful

TREES, VINES AND PLANTS.

Over One Million Trees, Vines and Plants for permanent orchard planting, and stock for Nurserymen.

Every variety of Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Apricot, Plum, Nectarines, Grapes, Strawberries, or any other kind of fruits that is worth growing can be supplied.

Orders solicited from all planters.

Address
N. W. CRAFT,
SHORE, YADKIN CO., N. C.

North Carolina, WILKES COUNTY. } In Superior Court. Special Proceeding.
James H. Johnson and wife D. A. Johnson, against Mary Anderson, Wesley A. Anderson and others. } Petition to sell land for Partition.

Wesley A. Anderson, one of the defendants named in the above entitled action, is hereby required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Wilkes County, at his office in Wilkesboro, N. C., on the 25th day of November, 1885, and answer or demur to the complaint of the Plaintiff filed in the above entitled action.

Witness my hand and seal of said court, at office in Wilkesboro, N. C., Oct. 10, 1885.

I. S. CALL, C. S. C.
By E. O. MASTEN, D. C.
John S. Cranor, Att'y for Pl'ffs.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. WADE H. BYNUM.

HINSHAW & BYNUM,

WINSTON, N. C.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS,

DEALERS IN

STAR BRAND FERTILIZERS, GRASS SEEDS AND COUNTRY PRODUCE.

FARMERS' SUPPLIES.

1,000 BUSHELS OF CORN, 10,000 POUNDS CORN CHOP, 5000 pounds Bolted Meal, 20,000 pounds Ship Stuff, 200 Bags Flour, 25,000 pounds Side Meat, 2,000 pounds Canvassed Hams, 1,000 pounds Breakfast Bacon, 3,000 pounds Lard, 200 bags Coffee, 100 bbls. Extra C, White Extra C, and Granulated Sugar, 50 bbls. Syrup and Porto Rico Molasses, 5 bbls. Rice, 50 Kegs of Soda, 1,000 seamless sacks Salt, 25 bbls. 110 and 150 test Coal Oil, 2,000 pounds of Sole Leather, 1,000 pairs Half Soles, and many other goods in same line, all of which will be sold at bottom prices by

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

HARDWARE.

200 KEGS CUT NAILS, 25 KEGS ASSORTED HORSE AND MULE Shoes, Horse Shoe Nails, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Mattocks, Handled Hoes, Grain Scythes and Cradles, Grass Scythes, Snaths and Whet Stones, Horse Collars, Hames, Back Bands, Trace Chains, Log Chains, Hand Saws and Files, Cross Cut Saws and Files, Mill Saw Files, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Pocket Knives, Table Knives and Forks, Spoons, Butcher and Tobacco Knives, Smoothing Irons, Apple and Peach Parers, Knob, Stock, Pad, Chest, Till, Wardrobe and Jail Locks, Lap or Repair Links, Hooks and Staples, Steel Plows, Bed Fasteners, Hat and Coat Hooks, Sewing and Pegging Awls and Hafts, Iron and Steel Squares, Narrow and Loose Joint Butts, Shutter Hinges, Strap and T Hinges, Screws, Fire Irons, Tacks, Finishing Nails, Cartridges, Gun Caps, Shot and Bar Lead, Coffee Mills, Frying Pans, Brass Kettles, and a full line of Staple Hardware at very low prices. When you need anything in this line it will pay you to see

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

SUNDRIES.

LINSEED (RAW AND BOILED) OIL, COPAL, JAPAN AND OTHER Varnishes, Lewis' White Lead, Window Glass and Putty, 2 and 3 Hoop Painted and Cedar Buckets, Plain, Painted and Cedar Tubs, 3 and 4 gallon Well Buckets, 1, 2, 3, 4½, 5 and 10 gallon Oak Kegs, 2, 3 and 4 String Brooms, 3, 4, 5 and 10 gallon Cedar Churns, 4 and 5 gallon Shipping Cans, Jute, Sisel and Cotton Rope, and many more articles in same line. No one sells cheaper than

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

FRUIT JARS, QUART AND ½ GALS., STONE CROCKS, JUGS, JARS, and Churns, Tin Buckets, Coffee Pots, Oil Cans, Wash and Dish Pans, Milk Strainers and Cups, Tin Cups, Lard Cans, also many other articles which you can buy to advantage of

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

WE SAY IF YOU WANT PURE CANDIES, FRESH CRACKERS, Oysters, Canned Fruits, Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Sulphur, Copperas, Blue Stone, Cinnamon, Extracts, Essences, Concentrated Lye, Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Horse and Cattle Powders, Patent Medicines and such like, you cannot buy them cheaper than they will be sold to you by

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

HAVE YOU ANY HATS?

YES, SIR, ABOUT 35 CASES MEN'S AND BOY'S; STRAW FROM 5 cts. to $4. Men's and Boys' Wool and Saxony Wool from 25 cents to $1.25 Men's and Boys' Soft Finish Fur, very latest styles, from 75 cents to $5.00. Men's Stiff Hats from $1.00 to $3.00. No house carries a better or larger stock and you cannot buy cheaper of any one than you can of

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

HOW ABOUT SHOES AND BOOTS?

NOW YOU HAVE STRUCK US. WE HAVE MADE THIS LINE OF OUR business a specialty for years, and do a very large business in both Shoes and Boots. We have received at one time as many as 200 cases direct from the factories. Our stock at all times is very large, well assorted, quality good to best. WE DO NOT SELL SHODDY SHOES. We have all grades of the Bay State Boots and Shoes. A prominent farmer told us last week that he wore a pair of Bay State high-cut $1.75 Standard Screw Brogans 12 months. We have sold in the past 10 days 90 pairs of this same shoe, and have 420 pairs on the way. We have them in cheaper grade Brogans, also Bals, laced and buttoned Shoes, ranging in prices from $1.25 to $4.75. Also have all the styles for Boys and Children. We have T. Miles' Son's Philadelphia Hand Made Shoes from $3 00 to $7.00 per pair. There are no Shoes on the market, of the same class, of superior merit or more value for the same money.

We carry a very large stock of the various styles and qualities of other makes of Shoes, and can always suit you in style, fit and prices.

In addition to a full line of Bay State Boots, we carry a large stock of Calf, P Calf, Wax Kip, and Split Boots for men, boys and children, ranging in price from $1.00 to $7.00 per pair.

Our Randolph Shoe made of home tanned leather, at $2.00 per pair, is an extra good and cheap shoe.

Remember that we have the exclusive control and sale of the Bay State, T. Miles' Sons and the Randolph Shoes in this market; every pair, with their trade mark on them, is fully warranted not to rip, to wear well, and give satisfaction. Do not buy any kind of Shoes until you examine the stock of

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Do You Sell Clothing and Men's Wear?

WE CARRY A VERY LARGE STOCK OF COTTONADES, LINEN Drills, Jeans, Cassimeres, Doeskin, and have a few patterns Broad Cloth, Coat Linings, Canvass, Buttons, Buckles, Coat Bindings, &c.

We have a good assortment of medium and good quality Clothing and Overcoats, which we are selling at remarkably low prices. We also sell the Globe Unlaundried and Laundried Shirts, the best Shirts on the market at the prices, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Men's Gauze and Merino Shirts. Merino and Cotton Drawers, &c. When you want anything in the above line come direct to

HINSHAW & BYNUM'S.

ARE YOU GOING TO TRAVEL?

Do you Want to Protect Yourself from the Sunshine and the Rain?

IF SO, COME TO US AND BUY A GOOD TRUNK, VALISE, SATCHEL, Umbrella, Rubber Overcoat, or Gossamer.

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

IF YOU WANT INK, STEEL PENS, WRITING PAPER, COPY BOOKS, Blank Books, Standard School Books, Envelopes, Slates, Pencils or anything in this line come to

HINSHAW & BYNUM'S.

STOVES AND HOLLOW WARE.

WE HAVE SOLD SEVERAL CAR LOADS OF ISAAC A. SHEPPARD'S Excelsior Cook Stoves during the last three years, and so far as we know every one has given perfect satisfaction, in all respects they are equal and in some respects superior to any and all Stoves made. Prices as low as the prices of any other good Stove. We keep in stock Nos. 16, 17, 18, 27, 28, and 28 with Reservoir. We also keep a full line of Excelsior Stove Fixtures, Ovens, Spiders, extra Lids, small Pots, Tea Kettles, Wash Pots and Wash Kettles. Do not buy any Stove until examine the Excelsior.

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

5,000 BAGS STAR BRAND WHEAT AND GRASS FERTILIZER for sale this fall. Also a full line of Field, Grass and Clover Seeds.

OUR TRADE IS STEADILY INCREASING. THE MORE GOODS WE sell the better bargains we are able to give. We invite an examination of our stock and prices.

Very Respectfully
HINSHAW & BY[NUM]

Winston, N. C., July 20th, 1885-tf.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1885.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

No. 9	Leaves Salem,	6.30 a. m.
" 10	Arrives "	11.25 a. m.
" 11	Leaves "	6.55 p. m.
" 12	Arrives "	1.17 a. m.

—All persons in arrears for the Press will please call and settle.

—Press, self-piler, for sale.

—Ice-house for rent. Enquire of C. E. Crist.

—Several Christmas communications received, too late for this issue.

—There were 200 students enrolled at Oak Ridge Institute during last session.

—CLOCKS of all kinds and WALKING CANES, at BEVAN'S Jewelry Store, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—Trade has been fair during the Holidays, but very much divided, as nearly every business house offered Christmas and New Year's goods.

—Miss Mamie Hunter celebrated her 18th birthday on Tuesday evening with a reception largely attended by our young people.

—For ELEGANT JEWELRY, in endless variety, go to BEVAN, the Jeweler, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—R. B. Glenn, of Winston, has been appointed by the Governor, solicitor in the 8th judicial district, in the place of the late Solicitor Joseph H. Dobson.

—The "Clayton" tract of land on Belew's Creek, containing 578 acres, was sold by the Commissioners at the Court House door on Saturday, the 19th. N. D. Sullivan, Esq, bid it off at $7.55.

EGGS! EGGS!! EGGS!!!

GIERSH & SENSEMAN want 499,999 dozen immediately for which they will pay 18 cents cash, or 20 cents trade.

—A friend tells us that deer are very numerous in Stokes. A party went hunting six or seven days and killed about fifteen. They jumped up one just behind the Methodist church in Danbury.—*Daily.*

—The colored Sunday School gave their Christmas Entertainment on Wednesday evening, too late for notice this week. This is a large and flourishing school, numbering over 250 scholars, under the charge of Dr. Rondthaler and a number of efficient lady teachers.

—Largest Stock of Ladies and Gents Gold and Silver WATCHES, at J. BEVAN, Watchmaker, 55 Main Street, Winston, N. C.

JUG BREAKING.—The Jug-Breaking in the Presbyterian church, in Winston, on Tuesday night of last week is represented as having been an enjoyable occasion. 28 children had canvassed the towns with little jugs and solicited contributions to be placed therein, to pay for an organ for the infant Sunday School class. The contents of the jugs amounted to $33, which with the amount on hand paid for the organ, music books and jugs, with about $11 over.

—We have in stock and are receiving daily the prettiest line of CROCKERY, GLASSWARE and LAMPS ever brought to our city. GIERSH & SENSEMAN.

—The weather during the Holidays was unusually bright and fine, more like Spring time than Winter. On the evening of Christmas day the sky became overcast and snow threatened, but next day was as bright as ever, only colder. On Sunday morning ice formed on the ponds but of not sufficient thickness to skate. We have had cold snaps followed by thaw and warm weather. The old saying that if Christmas comes on Friday, the early winter will be harsh, but mild in the latter part with an early Spring, may be verified.

— SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Rubber frames, to suit all Eyes, you will find at BEVAN'S, the Optician, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

Your Attention.

A Grand Oyster Supper and Fair will be given by the Salem Literary Society, on New Year's Eve, from 5 to 11 o'clock, P. M. This society was organized in 1854, and since that time has accomplished a great deal of solid good among the young men of the Twin City. It has recently had to vacate the room it formerly occupied, and was therefore compelled to incur considerable expense in fitting up the large and commodious room above the new Postoffice, which it now occupies. For this reason the Society earnestly asks the public to give the matter their kind and liberal consideration. Every one will receive the worth of their money and at the same time be encouraging the young men of the community in mental and moral culture.

The Supper will be given in the Male Academy.

—If you want your WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY REPAIRED by skilled workmen, and ENGRAVING and LETTERING done by *practical Engravers*, go to J. BEVAN Watchmaker and Jeweler, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

CHRISTMAS IN SALEM.

The Holidays were ushered in by the usual preparations for decorating. Loads of wood coming to town were frequently covered with boughs of cedar, laurel and pine, and bags filled with moss for home decoration. It is not generally known that the Christmas tree among the Moravians often overshadows a miniature landscape of mountains and hillsides with rocky caverns and peaceful valleys, covered with winter's mossy verdure. Toy villages are snugly located by tiny streams, with mills and farm houses near by. Flocks of sheep dot the hillsides and cattle and horses stand idly by the barns and stables. Barnyard fowls in all imaginable positions are scattered here and there, creating a bright little scene, which lingers long in childhood's memories and delights older heads as well. Often these decorations assume grand proportions, occupying half the space of a room, with decorated pillar and post, the landscapes occupying the floor and reaching half way up to the ceiling, with fountains playing, mills in operation and everything on a scale approaching nature as nearly as possible. Long do these bright Christmas memories linger in the minds of the household.

The Holidays were inaugurated, as usual, by the closing entertainments of the schools noticed last week.

On Thursday evening the usual lovefeast for the children was held at 4½ o'clock, ending with a distribution of wax tapers to the little folks, making their eyes sparkle with pleasure and happiness.

At 7 o'clock the congregation love feast was held, in accordance with the time honored customs of the Moravian church. The interior of the church was neatly decorated. Two beautiful pyramids with appropriate inscriptions were placed on either side of the reading desk, while festoons of cedar and laurel hung gracefully about the pulpit and galleries, and dropped from the centre of the ceiling to the galleries. The effect was exceedingly fine, and the thanks of the congregation are due to the few who so faithfully carried out the work.

On Christmas day the church was well filled, and the sermon instructive and calculated to awake an interest in every heart for the good old story of the Saviour's birth.

On the afternoon of Christmas day, Elm Street Sunday School gave its usual concert. It was composed of songs given in an enthusiastic and excellent manner. This school is doing a good work, and is appreciated. Mr. E. A. Ebert, the superintendent, has his whole heart in the work, and is ably assisted by an intelligent and diligent corps of teachers. Every recurring Christmas evinces the faithful work done. Dr. Rondthaler delivered an address. The collection amounted to $20.

In the evening the Home Sunday School gave their Christmas Entertainment to a large audience, perhaps the largest we have seen on any similar occasion. Everything was appropriate, and so excellently given that there was but one opinion among the audience, and that was *good*, ranking among the best ever given here. The confidence manifested by the children in rendering their parts was a marked feature, adding much to the general enjoyment. Even the smallest scholar understood what was expected and did it in the best manner. The complete success of the cantata performance is a source of pride and gratification to all, particularly to those who so faithfully labored to that end. The singing was so well given that accustomed as we are to hear good songs, we were agreeably surprised at its excellence, many voices being new to us and auguring well for the future. The recitations were remarkably well given. Truly it was good to be at the old Moravian church on the evening of Christmas day. Dr. Rondthaler's address was well timed and calculated to loose the purse strings of the audience. His address of thanks to the worthy superintendent, Mr. F. H. Fries, to Miss A. Van Vleck, who presided at the piano, and to Mr. S. T. Mickey, who led with his cornet, and to the able corps of teachers, was echoed by all present. The collection amounted to about $60.

CHRISTMAS AT THE POORHOUSE.—The annual Holiday visit to the Poorhouse, to give the inmates the season's cheer, in a lovefeast, came off on Saturday last. Ex-Sheriff Fogle conveyed the party to the Poorhouse, and the pleased faces and hearty thanks and evident happiness of the unfortunate ones, amply repaid the good ladies for their charitable visit.

EAST SALEM SUNDAY SCHOOL.—The Chapel at East Salem Sunday School was re-dedicated on Sunday last. The addition to the building gives it the shape of a cross and adds greatly to the convenience of the Sunday School classes. The services were conducted by Dr. Rondthaler. The scholars sang and recited exceedingly well. Among one of the most pleasing songs was that of little Miss Florence Ormsby, of New York, on a visit to relatives and friends here. The quartette at the close of the entertainment was finely given by Mrs. H. E. Fries, Miss Alma Carmichael and Messrs. Bernie Pfohl and J. A. Seaber. Jos. H. Rice, Esq., of Bethlehem, Pa., addressed the large audience which filled the neat and roomy chapel, in a pleasing and encouraging manner. The collection taken up amounted to some $40.

AT SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY the rooms were very tastily decorated and the Christmas trees made a handsome appearance. The display of Christmas gifts on the morning of the 25th was in keeping with the old-time custom of the school. Bright and happy faces gave ample evidence of the enjoyment and pleasure afforded.

IN THE COUNTRY, the Sunday Schools celebrated Christmas and decorated trees were numerous. In the Moravian churches services were held, either on Christmas day, or on the Sunday following.

—For GOOD GOODS at reasonable prices, and polite and honest treatment, go to the reliable *Cash* store of GIERSH & SENSEMAN.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

—Lewis Wilson has bought Evander Fishel's little place, near Friendship.

—Hartly Clinard, of Thomasville township, sold his crop of tobacco for $207.

—A good horse, belonging to Samuel Darr, of Thomasville township, died last week.

—Walter Gibson, a colored boy, was badly scalded in Winston on last Sunday night.

—P. I. Nifong, Esq., picked 11 turnips out of his patch, which measured one bushel. He had a fine crop this year.

—Jacob Darr, of Thomasville township, sold a small barn of tobacco for $65. He has about three more barns to sell.

—Chicken hawks are very troublesome just now. We hear many complain of their ravages. Shoot them and let the birds live.

—Madison Stewart had a beet for Christmas which he raised last summer. It measured 22 inches in circumference and weighed 9 pounds.

—Lovers of Fresh Oysters can find them at J. H. Welch's Restaurant, on Liberty Street, opposite the Farmer's Warehouse in Winston.

—Joseph Beeson fell and hurt the wound where he cut his foot. The old wound had begun to heal, but now the gash has opened afresh.

—While Daniel Jones, of Broadbay township, was shaving a tobacco hogshead hoop, it sprang up and struck him on the jaw, inflicting a painful wound.

—Santa Claus paid the children of our neighborhood a visit on last Thursday night. He brought them a supply of candy, cakes, chestnuts and other delicacies.

—Shuman Whitley's horse came near wrecking his wagon in Salem on last Thursday night. Mr. Whatley was a little late, and the boys had commenced to pop a few fire-crackers was what caused the runaway.

—A farmer told us that if turnips in a patch be covered over tolerably deep with hay, the turnips will keep good until Spring, and they will, if managed in this way, continue to grow during the warm seasons through the winter.

—A person tells us that the colors in calico which fade can be made fast by soaking the calico in warm water in which has been dissolved about three-quarters of a gill of salt to each gallon of water. This is a cheap plan, and may be it is worth a trial.

—David Miller, near Linwood, Davidson county, was killed on Dec. 15th, by a limb falling on him while sawing down a tree. The tree in falling broke off a limb which flew back and hit him on the head killing him instantly.

—John Bodenhamer and his little son, of Davidson county, raised about 250 bushels of corn and three barns of tobacco, one of which he has sold for $100. Mr. Bodenhamer is a good farmer, and he tends his farm to such advantage that he makes a fair profit on all his different crops.

—John Bodenhamer, of Thomasville township, raised 300 bushels of corn, $150 worth of tobacco, cradled wheat during harvest, worked in the meadow tome, and sowed about 20 acres in wheat this fall. This is a pretty good summer's work for one man, but Mr. Bodenhamer was learned to work and he seems to like it.

—Rev. Mr. Gurley preached an interesting sermon at Pleasant Retreat on Christmas Day. He will preach there on Friday afternoon, and on Saturday afternoon before the second Sunday in January. On this latter date will be the Communion meeting. He requests the members to attend the services during the Communion season.

—Mr. Lebanon Long and his wife, who went to Missouri from Davidson county a few years ago, came back to his old home last week. We think he intends to make Davidson county his future home. He does not like the West as well as he does N. C., and his report is not as favorable as that made by some when they first go West.

From the Republican. [By Request.]

The State Horticultural Society.

MR. EDITOR.—Feeling a deep interest in the development and steady improvement of my own native State, and an especial interest in the progress and advancement of my own immediate section in the various ways of improvement, and knowing, too, your columns to be ever open and ready to give public announcement and encouragement to all industrial pursuits calculated to build up the State, I offer a short descriptive letter of a recent visit to the "City of Oaks," in attendance upon a called meeting of the North Carolina State Horticultural Society. Being solicited by my friend, Mr. T. S. Craft, one of the Vice Presidents of the above Society, to accompany him to this convention, which assembled in Raleigh on the fist and 2d insts, I gladly consented to go and see what could be seen and learn what could be learned regarding fruit culture in North Carolina. I learned that the Society was quite in its infancy, having been organized not more than six or eight years. While there was not an extra large crowd in attendance, I would deem it doubtless one of the most interesting and profitable meetings that a fruit grower or Nurseryman could have attended, should he desire to make home pleasant with the fine fruits, and what would perhaps be more interesting to many, fill his pocket with cash. Letters were previously sent out by the Secretary to many of the leading fruit growers of the State to bring the new, rare fruits of their neighborhoods for the purpose of giving the Society a chance to test and discuss their merits, and pass an opinion as to their worthiness, relative value, &c. To my exceeding great surprise I found that but one firm in all this great State of ours, sent in a display of the rare, fine samples of fruits, and this credit is due our extensive Nurseryman, Capt. N. W. Craft, of the Cedar Cove Nurseries, Shore, Yadkin County, N. C. While the display was not extensively large, it surely must have been, without doubt or uncertainty, one of the most beautiful collections af rich and highly flavored apples ever placed before any previous assemblage of people in this State. And not only apples, but pears and grapes were included in the display, and added attraction and comment that perhaps nothing in the line of fruits could have drawn. With the fact that these fruits were a free treat to the Association, a continual testing and sampling of the various choice varieties—voting as to the merits of each and discussing their intrinsic worth—changing the monotony of business—all this kept life in the Convention, and added great enjoyment to the entire gathering. Among the special varieties of apples sent in for the Society to approve or disapprove was the N. C. Keeper, a most beautiful and long keeping apple—of medium size and pleasant flavor, which after due discussion and deliberation was unanimously approved by the Society for general cultivation, and was entered on the North Carolina Catalogue of Fruits, which was being made by the Society.

The Red Cheese and Merit (Mountain Queen) also received a very flattering vote as to palatable excellence and beauty of appearance. The Angel's Favorite had unusual claims, that of bearing every year and keeping the entire winter with almost no loss, being of medium to large size, and an appearance much admired. The new Salem pear received the encomiums of the whole Association and enjoyed the unanimous approval of the entire body and has doubtless made for itself a reputation that will be lasting.

Many other varieties of both pears and apples furnished a lovely appearance upon the table and other stands, which were of great excellence and met with general approval. All in all, this was an occasion that, through its discussions by several of the most eminent Nurserymen in the State; the letters pertaining to fruit culture that were read before the Convention, all of which will no doubt go out to the world, is destined to result in great benefit to the old North State and prove a blessing to our entire commonwealth. Would that the farmers of our noble old State would manifest a greater interest in procuring the better varieties of fruit trees, thereby raising finer fruits and such as are more marketable. This Horticultural Society, to my way of thinking, is a grand thing for the State, and if properly managed calculated to do immense good in the end. The President, Mr. J. Van Lindley, who has quite a reputation as a nurseryman, seems to be a gentleman of extensive information in fruit culture, and presided over the deliberations of the various meetings with intelligent bearing. The Secretary, Mr. S. Otho Wilson, with whom it was my pleasure to form an acquaintance also, dispatches business with great swiftness and shows for one apparently so young, considerable knowledge in Horticulture. Mr. Wilson also has an extensive reputation as a Nurseryman. It was my pleasure to meet several other gentlemen who manifested an almost absorbing interest in the fruit business, but space forbids the mention of their names. In this connection I deem it not imprudent to take advantage of this opportunity and through this medium express an opinion that has for some time been entertained, that with the proper care, interest and management, fruit culture and its traffic, can be made and is fast becoming to be an enterprise in point of both pecuniary considerations and pleasure too, equal to many in our State, and would surpass not a few. Perhaps there is no State in the Union whose soil is better adapted or climate more suitable to fruit growing than our own blessed Western North Carolina. Our people need only to study its benefits more closely to be convinced of its importance and general good to all classes. It is to be hoped and it is urged that the experienced Nurserymen of North Carolina may in future be more liberally patronized than they have ever been before, and that every farmer, every merchant, and every professional citizen may see it more clearly to be their pecuniary interest, as well as the general good and upbuilding of all the people, to order from or visit the Cedar Cove Nurseries, and procure a supply of the various fine varieties of trees and plant an orchard without delay. But for the time I must conclude, and in doing so would ascribe success to the Horticultural Society, success to the nurserymen of the State, and abundant prosperity to all interested in the cause of fruit growing.

Dec. 14, 1885. H. E. SHORE.

—SOLID SILVER SPOONS and TRIPLE PLATED SILVERWARE, at bottom figures, for sale by J. BEVAN, Silversmith, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

MARRIED.

In Waughtown, by M. J. Bodenhamer, Esq., Dec. 17th, JOHN W. LAFLER to Miss NORA CRANFORD, all of Salem. May they live long and happy. M. J. B.

In the Moravian church, in Kernersville, on Dec. 24th, by Rev. C. L. Rights, JOHN A. HOLDER, of Kernersville, to Miss EMMA C. PORTER, of Salem.

In Thomasville Township, Davidson county, on the 24th inst., GEORGE OSBORNE to Miss ELIZABETH CRAVEN, daughter of Harrison Craven.

In Thomasville Township, Davidson county, lately, JOHN HOWARD to Miss MOLLIE CLINARD.

In Thomasville township, Davidson county, lately, GEORGE HOWARD to Miss —— MURPHY.

DIED.

At her home in Jerusalem township, Davie county, on the 17th inst., Mrs. CATHERINE ELIZABETH MILLER, wife of Matthias Miller, aged about 72 years.

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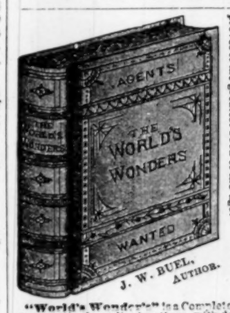

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Date, May 81, 1885.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily.
Leave Charlotte,	4.30 a m	9.30 p m
" Salisbury,	6.32 a m	7.50 p m
" Lexington,	7.45 a m	8.52 p m
Arrive Greensboro,	8.17 a m	9.18 p m
Leave "	9.35 a m	
Arrive Hillsboro,	11.39 a m	
" Durham,	12.13 p m	
" Raleigh,	1.20 p m	
Leave "	2.28 p m	
Arrive Goldsboro,	4.40 p m	

No. 15—Daily except Sunday.
Leave Greensboro, 10.00 p m
Arrive at Raleigh, 6 00 a m
Arrive at Goldsboro, 11.00 a m

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R., for all points North, East and West of Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. Daily. Nos. 51 and 53 connect at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points on Salem Branch.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Date, May 31, 1885.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52 Dai.
Leave Goldsboro,	12.55 p m	
Arrive Raleigh,	3.00 p m	
Leave "	3.09 p m	
Arrive Durham	6.07 p m	
" Hillsboro	6.47 p m	
" Greensb	9.09 p m	
Leave "	11.21 p m	9.36 a m
Arrive Lexington,	12.31 p m	10.40 a m
" Salisbury,	1.05 a m	11.10 a m
" Charlotte,	2.56 a m	12.35 p m

No. 16—Daily except Sunday.
Leave Goldsboro, 7.45 p m
Arrive at Raleigh, 11.45 p m
Leave Raleigh, 12.35 a m
Arrive at Greensboro, 8.30 a m

No. 50—Connects at Salisbury for all points on W. N. C. R. R., and at Charlotte with A. & C. Air Line for all points in the South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R., for all points South and Southeast and with A. & C. Air-Line for all points South.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 50—Daily.

Leave Greensboro,	11.35 p m
Arrive Kernersville,	12.39 p m
" Salem,	1.17 p m

No. 52—Daily.

Leave Greensboro,	9.46 a m
Arrive Kernersville,	10.50 a m
" Salem,	11.25 a m

GOING NORTH.

No. 51—Daily.

Leave Salem,	6.55 p m
Arrive Kernersville,	7.30 p m
" Arrive Greensboro,	8.35 p m

No. 53—Daily.

Leave Salem,	6.40 a m
Arrive Kernersville,	7.05 a m
" Greensboro,	8.05 a m

STATE UNIVERSITY R. R.

GOING NORTH.

No. 1—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave Chapel Hill,	10.25 a m
Arrive University,	11.25 p m

No. 3—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave Chapel Hill,	5.00 p m
Arrive University,	6.00 p m

GOING SOUTH.

No. 4—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave University,	6.30 p m
Arrive Chapel Hill,	7.31 p m

No. 2—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave University,	11.54 a m
Arrive Chapel Hill,	12.54 p m

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MADAM ELAVATSKY, THE FAMOUS "HIGH PRIESTESS."

A Remarkable Woman and a no Less Remarkable Career—The Power of Mind over Matter.

(Special New York Letter.)

Calling at the house of a friend a few evenings since, a letter received that day from India was read to me, containing among other things this announcement:

"Blavatsky is endeavoring to regain her health in Europe, after having resigned here. Her health is so poor that we are afraid she will never be able to undertake the work again."

Who is Madam Blavatsky? What is the work?

Both are conundrums which have puzzled the heads of some of the wisest investigators of the world, for Madam Blavatsky is known from Dan to Bersheba, and from the steppes of Russia to the bungalows of India, including the streets of New York, London, Paris, Berlin, etc., as a remarkable woman in many respects, and a riddle difficult to solve.

MADAME HELOISE P. BLAVATSKY.

Her history would fill a book or two with interesting matter, and from her own life she could spare enough adventures to wreck half a dozen ordinary families, and still have sufficient left to satisfy Sinbad, the sailor, or Company C., of the Seventh regiment.

Madame Blavatsky was born in Russia some time during the present century, while 1:00 was in its teens, it is said, and came of a noble family. She was a countess in her own right, and as countesses don't have much to say about the disposition of their lives in Russia, she was married at the early age of sixteen or seventeen to a noble old man of over eighty Russian winters. They have pretty tough winters in Russia, and eighty of them go a long way toward making a noble old man unattractive as a bridegroom or husband. A few more winters passed by and Mr. Blavatsky was gathered to his fathers and mothers in the better land, leaving his young wife childless and alone on her estates, but with a desire to know more of the world about her than seemed consistent in Russia, and she emigrated to India, Egypt, Syria, and other Eastern countries in search of all that was known and much that was unknown, succeeding in gathering together considerable of both, and especially of the unknown or supernatural. Being a countess still and possessed of means, she delved among the oracles with all the freedom which a knowledge of six languages allowed, for she was a thoroughly educated woman and her heart was in the work. After several years study of the ancient magic art in these countries, during which time she corresponded for several papers in several languages, among them the Moscow *Gazette*, one of the principal papers of Russia, and under the immediate nose of the czar, the British government became suspicious of her and decided that she was a Russian spy, and it is understood ordered her out of India, or at least made it so unpleasant that she decided to become a citizen of the United States so that she could pursue her researches without fear of molestation or suspicion from the British government in India. To do this she had to live in this country for the allotted time and also give up her possessions in Russia and her title. We present her coat of arms below, the principal feature of which is a serpent endeavoring to bite his tail under a crown.

BLAVATSKY COAT OF ARMS.

So Madam Blavatsky came to New York to live out the time required, and while here became known to fame as the representative of a theory at once startling and novel—the will power theory, by which it is claimed by her that miracles could be performed if you only knew how to use the force within you, and that this was the true cause of much of the phenomena attributed to spirits by a large class of believers in spiritualism. By this theory she drew down upon herself the wrath of spiritualists generally, who looked upon her as a medium, and upon her performances as the direct result of unseen but active spirits who hovered about her to do her bidding.

One of the many mysterious things Madam Blavatsky could do was to read sealed letters, and underscore certain lines in the letter with red ink, which were not underscored before, but which appeared so when the letters were opened. This she has done on several occasions to the surprise of her auditors who had produced the letters.

Another favorite amusement with her was to allow persons to ask for some article that they wanted, and then hand it to them from open space, simply taking it from the air, as it were, and a highly reputable lady, known to the writer, who had invited the madam to dinner at her house, vouches for the following: The lady had heard a great deal about Madam Blavatsky in Europe, and wished to see some of the wonderful things that she had heard of, and so invited her to stay at her house for a time. Madam came, but was anxious to return to India, and was about to hurry off when she found a handkerchief in one of the lady's rooms with a written message from one of the Mahatmas upon it, telling her that she could stay a few days longer. This message was supposed to come from the Thibetan mountains, and from one of the mysterious race known as the Mahatmas, who are said to have solved the arts of magic to perfection, and who dwell in the mountains of Thibet, apart from the haunts of ordinary men, and whom Madam Blavatsky came across in her wanderings after hidden knowledge. The tribe, it seems, adopted her as their chosen high priestess to communicate some of their spirit lore to the mundane world, and messages dropped out of space from them, written upon handkerchiefs in a strange tongue, when they had anything particularly special to communicate. Upon receipt of this handkerchief message madam decided to stay awhile, and the lady, having some doubts upon the message phenomena, but wishing some tests, invited one or two particular friends to dinner, and then suggested that some phenomena should be given that would seem conclusive evidence to all present that madam really possessed supernatural powers.

"What shall I do?" said madam.

"Bring me something," said the lady. "Bring me a teapot, or a cruet stand."

Madam put her hands out and set a curiously shaped teapot on the table before the astonished guests and the lady. Seeing this, one of the gentlemen present begged for something to be given him as a memento.

"What will you have?"

"Give me a tobacco pouch or a card case," said the gentleman.

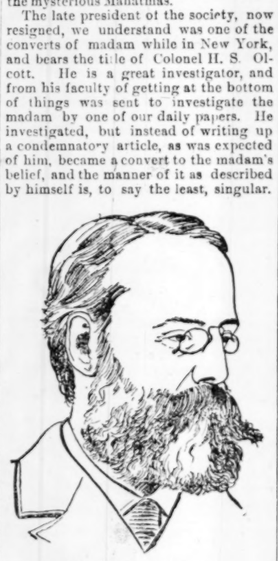
"Go into the hall and look in your overcoat pocket," said madam.

He went and returned with a card case containing the signature of one of his friends, which had been found in his coat pocket. At another time before her departure, as a test to the lady and a friend, madam changed her complexion, the color of her skin and of her hair before their eyes without moving her hands, the hue of night settling over her features until her skin and hair were as dark as a mulatto's, and then slowly changed back again to her natural color.

In appearance madam was very fleshy, with sharp, bright grey eyes, very large, light brown wavy hair, double chin, and looked almost square, as she dressed in a very peculiar fashion, in a sort of robe, never tight-fitting, but falling loosely around her, and without sleeves, so that people wouldn't think she kept things up her sleeves, as she claimed, but as some thought to show to best advantage a very comely hand and arm. She had a habit of looking a person straight in the eyes with those great orbs of hers until one became very uncomfortable, especially if of an excitable nature, and might readily believe that a Mahatama or the old Harry was laying a spell around them. She played finely on the piano, spoke and wrote in six different languages, and was no mean correspondent or writer, having received as much as $400 per month for her correspondence. She wrote the elaborate work "Isis Unveiled," in two large volumes, which has been translated into one or two languages, I believe, and which is a highly interesting work for those who appreciate the mystical, but which is too intricate for the tastes of uneducated mortals.

It was during madam's stay in New York that the new Theosophical society was formed in her parlors on Eighth avenue, a society which since has spread its theories over many countries and which was organized to look up everything mysterious in man and nature, from magnetism and magic to spirit rappings and ghosts, and it was the work as secretary of this society that the letter referred to. The headquarters are at Madras, India, with branches in all countries, and they are said to have unearthed considerable magical lore and heard frequently and to the point from the mysterious Mahatmas.

The late president of the society, now resigned, we understand was one of the converts of madam while in New York, and bears the title of Colonel H. S. Olcott. He is a great investigator, and from his faculty of getting at the bottom of things was sent to investigate the madam by one of our daily papers. He investigated, but instead of writing up a condemnatory article, as was expected of him, became a convert to the madam's belief, and the manner of it as described by himself is, to say the least, singular.



COLONEL H. S OLCOTT.

The colonel says that one night while meditating deeply upon the strange problems of Oriental lore as taught by the madam, undecided and doubtful, wishing to know more, but doubting the Mahatmas and their power, and wrestling in spirit with the ordinary judgment of the world and the mysterious things he had seen, he suddenly became aware of the presence of a mysterious visitant in his room, and; turning round, found himself face to face with a venerable Oriental. Intuitively he knew that before him stood one of the Mahatmas, who had taken this long journey to New York for the purpose of convincing him of the truth of the cause. Over mountains and oceans he had sped, and was yet not weary, but entered into conversation with the colonel and endeavored to win him over, and, in half an hour, had succeeded in convincing him that the teachings of madam were not the offspring of aught but truth; that the Mahatmas existed; that they possessed magical powers, and that it was his duty to investigate further. Then the strange visitant turned to go. But the colonel wanted some proof that this was not all a dream, an illusion born of the night.

"Would you not, before you go, leave me some tangible procf of your presence," he said; "give me something that I can touch and handle."

The Mahatma smiled kindly, and removing his turban from his shadowy head, wrought a marvel then and there. He materialized the turban in his hand, and while Colonel Olcott watched it slowly change from shadow to substance, from a spectral turban to a substantial one, the spirit first placed it on his head, then handed it to Colonel Olcott, and vanished into space, leaving this testimony of his presence. The turban was never ported with, and is still preserved as a memento by the colonel, who has since become an adept in the mysterious art through his researches, and can now perform miracles, in certain directions, of his own, and attributes it all to will power, and says that anybody with a strong will can perform them with sufficient practice and study.

The same Mahatma appeared to the colonel just before a visit to England last year, and encircling the palm of one of his hands with a forefinger, a letter slowly materialized in his palm, done up in Chinese silk, and addressed to a Mr. Sinnett, in London, where Colonel Olcott was going, the gentleman being one of the parties he wished to see. The colonel claims to have performed, by the force of his will, aided by knowledge, as many as 8,000 phenomenas in thirteen months, and as he has been in the field for some ten years, he has quite a list behind him.

One of the feats which gave Madam Blavatsky a wide reputation in India, and which was published far and wide, was the following: She was attending a dinner party given by a member of the government at Simla, on the slope of the Himalayas, a sort of resort where members of the government go during the hot season at Bengal. During dinner the hostess admired a locket worn by one of the guests, stating that it was something like one she had lost in England when quite a little girl, and she well remembered her grief at losing it. The conversation changed, and the locket incident was forgotten until after dinner, when the ladies adjourned to the garden, leaving the gentlemen in the bungalow smoking. Madam was walking with the hostess, when suddenly she exclaimed:

"At dinner I heard you speaking of a jewel you had lost in England when a child. Your jewel is now entangled in the roots of that poppy plant." The hostess laughed and thought her joking. "Call a servant," and the lady clapped her hands and a servant appeared. "Dig up that poppy plant and hand it to your mistress," ordered the madam.

The servant did so, and in the roots was found a dull and tarnished locket, which the lady recognized as the one she had lost in England years before. The hostess swooned, and madam's reputation as a princess of the art mystical was established in the community.

Madam was relating this on shipboard, while crossing the ocean on one of her trips, and the chief mate, a Scotch Presbyterian named Carmichael, who was half afraid of her, but, nevertheless, flatly contradicted her in all her statements, said that no sane man would believe her. The rappings at the dinner table, he said, were old tricks, and nothing but tricks, and "Barring the tappings under the table ye can do naught but boast," and as he spoke he drew out his handkerchief and mopped his brow, as the ship was only six days out from Bombay and it was hot weather. Madam tossed away her cigarette, as she was an inveterate smoker, and asked him to lend her that handkerchief for a few moments. He handed it to her, and she folded it up until it was only an inch or two square, rolled it into a ball, and squeezed it tightly while the perspiration started from her face, and her features grew set with an expression of intense determination. Then she grew lividly pale, still holding the handkerchief tightly, and this continued for a full minute. Then she sighed deeply, opened her eyes, the blood rushed back into her face, and handing the handkerchief back to Carmichael said: "Look at it and be convinced," in a low voice. He laughed and flirted out the folds. In one corner was his monogram, fully an inch square beautifully embroidered in white. It had appeared after it left his hands.

The Scotchman threw the handkerchief on the table, and with the expression: "God protect us, for the devil's on board," left the cabin and couldn't be induced to come near the madam, refused to eat at the same table and took his meals at the engineer's mess.

These are but a few of the things told of Madam Blavatsky, and the phenomena of her will power, as she says, and now that it is reported she is in too poor health to proceed with her investigations, or perhaps to continue any experiments, it is a question as to who will take her place in the world of phenomena, and become the prophet or prophetess of the new religion she has founded, termed Theosophy, and which bears as its motto the serpent endeavoring to form a circle, and the trite words "There is no religion higher than truth."

Madam Blavatsky's place will be difficult to fill in this work. She is a great enthusiast herself, and inspires others with the same feeling when in her presence, and when she gets warmed up in her subject there are few that can keep up with her. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, states that she is a niece of the panslavonic leader, General Fayadeff, who died at Odessa last year, and that her family is related to the Oolgorouki family, one of the oldest in Russia. The madam will be remembered here as the scatterer of the dust of Baron de Palm over the waters of Raritan bay, after the baron had been cremated at Washington, Pa., it being desired that his dust should be scattered to the four winds of the earth, which was done with appropriate ceremonies, and which caused considerable comment at the time.

Spirto Gentile.

Lee in Pennsylvania.

Up to Monday evening, June 29, neither Lee nor Longstreet knew of the whereabouts of Hooker's army. But late in the evening on that day a ragged, weather beaten Confederate soldier was seen lurking around Longstreet's headquarters. The appearance and conduct of the man excited some suspicions, but on his claiming to know General Longstreet, and that he had important communications to make to him, he was at once taken to Longstreet's tent. As soon as Longstreet put his eyes on him he grasped the poor soldier by the hand, and, shaking it heartily, said: "Good Lord, I am glad to see you! I thought you were killed!" He proved to be the brave and faithful scout, Harrison, that Longstreet had sent into the Federal lines while his corps was still in Culpepper county, Virginia. Longstreet examined him on the spot, and from this man he received the first information that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac at Edward's ferry, and its advance had reached Frederick City, Maryland. He sent the scout to General Lee, by a staff officer, and followed himself soon after.

Longstreet, in one of his contributions to the "Annals of the War," page 419, in speaking of this very man's appearance on the night as stated, says:

"Late on Monday evening, June 29, a scout named Hrrrison, who had been sent by me into the Federal lines to obtain information, while our army was yet in Culpepper county, Virginia, came to my headquarters at Chambersburg, and reported that the Union army had crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, and his advance was at Frederick City, Maryland."

General Longstreet saw at a glance that the information brought by this scout was of vast importance, and might involve momentous consequences. In this connection, a little further on, Longstreet says:

"We had not heard from the enemy for several days, and General Lee and myself were in doubt as to where he was. Indeed, we did not know that he had yet left Virginia. In the absence of all knowledge of the position of the Federal army, General Lee had issued orders to General Ewell for an attack on Harrisburg, a part of whose corps was, on that very night, Monday, June 29, near the intrenchments, on the west bank of the Susquehanna; but on receiving the information brought by this scout he at once countermanded the order and directed Ewell and all his other generals to concentrate at Gettysburg."

The work of concentration was begun at once. We thus see that the capture of the capital of Pennsylvania was one of the objects contemplated by the commanding general. He knew that no regular or efficient force was there to defend it. And he also knew that the raw militia could effect little or nothing against Ewell's veteran troops.—*Southern Bivouac.*

Demoralized Bees.

"We have no honey at our place this season," said a Market street merchant, residing in the suburbs. "Last winter a distillery was set up in the valley below us, and last summer all the bees in the neighborhood resorted to it and became grossly dissipated. Instead of buzzing about among the flowers they hung around the rum mill and spent their entire time in getting intoxicated, thousands of them falling to the ground and lying there in drunken stupor. The usual consequences have ensued, of course; their homes have been deserted, their families broken up, their savings wasted in riotous living, their lives made miserable, and their usefulness in society destroyed. Many have gone down to drunkards' graves, and those that remain are idling about the hives like disreputable old bummers, with winter here and starvation staring them in the face. Meantime we are short of honey, and I have got to buy some to try and keep the scamps alive, and give 'em a chance to reform."—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

The value of poultry in the United States amounts to over $700,000,000. This large sum would be increased if poultry received the same attention as is bestowed on sheep, cattle or horses.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Successful trials were recently made in the Thames river with clothing made of a newly-invented texture which renders the wearer perfectly buoyant. Fine threads of cork are interwoven with wool, silk or other materials in the cloth.

Platinum wire can be drawn so fine that it is no longer visible to the "naked eye," and can only be felt. It can be seen with a magnifying glass when the wire is held against white paper. It is used in telescopes and similar instruments.

Carefully collected statistics show that since 1859 the disasters from lightning in the kingdom of Saxony have been becoming more numerous every year, from which it is inferred that some cause has increased the number or severity of thunder storms in that part of Europe.

Tromholt endorses the view, said to have been first advanced by Weyprecht, that the zone in which the aurora borealis appears is changing periodically, being farthest south at the equinoxes and farthest north at the solstices. Observations made in many places seem to prove the correctness of the theory.

The direct influence of tillage upon soil, says Arpad Hensch, is merely mechanical, separating the particles of the soil, and thus effecting on the one hand a more even distribution of the plant food, and on the other the removal of many hindrances to the development of the plants. Its indirect action affects the physical and chemical condition of the soil, modifying its temperature and ventilation, and converting the plant food existing in the soil more rapidly into an assimilable condition.

The calculating machine invented by Professor Thomson appears to excel, in its ingenious adaptation to a variety of results, even Babbage's wonderful apparatus. By means of the mere friction of disk, a cylinder, and a ball, the machine is capable of effecting numerous complicated calculations which occur in the highest application of mathematics to physical problems, and by its aid an unskilled person may, in a given time, perform the work of ten expert mathematicians. The machine is applicable alike to the calculating of tidal, magnetic, meteorological, and other periodic phenomena; it will solve differential equations of the second or even higher powers or orders; and through this same wonderful arrangement of mechanical parts, the problem of finding the free motions of any number of mutually attracting particles, unrestricted by any of the approximate suppositions required in the treatment of the lunar and planetary theories, is done by simply turning a handle.

Making Men Taller.

Charity Commissioner Beeves, of Brooklyn, told an *Eagle* reporter how he once got a man appointed on the metropolitan police force. The narrator said:

"It was in the time of the metropolitan police, and he wanted to get on. He went to New York, and I went along. He went through all right until he came to height, and he fell below the standard three-quarters of an inch. I felt very much cast down about it, for he was a friend of mine, and I was very anxious that he should get on the force. A physician with whom I was acquainted happened to be there at the time, and he asked me if I was interested in the man who had failed to reach the height standard. I told him I was."

"That's all right,' said he, 'I'll tell you how to fix that.'

"Of course, I didn't believe it could be done, except by some trickery, but I thought I would listen to what he had to say, anyway. He told me to get an order for remeasurement, which I did with his assistance, the applicant for the position to be measured again the following day. 'Now,' said he, when he had got the order, 'you take your man to some hotel near here, give him a warm bath, and put him to bed. Make him stay in bed until to-morrow morning, about an hour before the time for him to be measured again, and tell him to sleep all the time, if he can. If he does this he will be three-quarters of an inch taller, and come up to the standard."

"I didn't know what to think about the suggestion. My medical friend was not given to joking, but I thought he had begun. However, I was anxious that my man should get on the force, and was willing to try anything. I told him what the physician had said, and he agreed to do it. The next morning he appeared, and, when he was measured, he not only came up to the standard, but was a little above it. We were both as much surprised as gratified, and when I spoke to the doctor about it he said: 'Well, I told you so.' Then I was curious to know how it was that such a thing could be done, and asked him. He explained that every one of the numerous joints in the human frame was supplied with a natural oil. When a man has walked a good deal, or gone through much exertion of any kind in a day, the oil is used up, and the joints come close together. The difference this would make if there was but a single joint would be very little, but when there are so many it reduces the height in some cases as much as an inch at the end of a day's work. Let a man take a warm bath, and long, restful sleep, the joints will be resupplied with oil, and the consequence is he will be taller. You may not believe this, but it is a fact."

The Difference.

A French paper has drawn the following parallel between the yearly expenses of the personnel of the empire of France and the republic:

MONARCHY.	
The Emperor Napoleon and family	$12,000,000
Master of the horse	20,000
Grand chaplain	25,000
Grand marshal	18,000
Perfect du Palais	10,000
Eleven secretaries, $20,000 each	220,000
President of the senate	20,000
President of the chamber	20,000
Three hundred senators, $5,000 each	1,800,000
Six hundred deputies, $2,400 each	1,440,000
Twenty-five prefects, first class, $6,000 each	150,000
Thirty prefects, second class, $5,000 each	150,000
Thirty prefects, third class, $4,000 each	120,000
Total	$15,999,000
REPUBLIC.	
President of the republic	$ 240,000
Eleven secretaries, $12,000 each	132,000
President of the senate	12,000
President of the chamber	12,000
Three hundred senators, $1,800 each	540,000
Six hundred deputies, $1,800 each	1,080,000
Twenty-five prefects, first class, $6,000 each	150,000
Thirty prefects, second class, $5,800 each	174,000
Thirty prefects, third class, $3,600 each	108,000
Total	$ 2,448,000
Difference in favor of the republic	$13,551,000

The Game of Dominoes.

Amedee Ponthieu has written an elaborate article about the game of "domino" (or, as it is called, "dominoes") and contends that it dates back to the sixth century. Two monks of the celebrated monastery of Monte Casino, who were confined in the jail for a trifling disobedience, invented, in order to kill the dreary hours of their imprisonment, a game with small white square pieces of chalk, into which they cut small holes, which they colored, and with which they played. Being watched by the jailer of the monastery, they commenced to sing with a loud voice the psalm "Dixit Dominus Domino" as soon as they heard the jailer coming, and repeated these words until the dangerous man was gone. After having been released they manufactured square pieces of wood and ivory with black holes, and sold them to other monks. Thus the game was soon spread throughout Italy.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The total number of physicians in the world is estimated at 190,000.

On perfectly new land in Kansas red clover seven feet high has grown this season, and white clover five feet six inches high.

Natives of Borneo eat monkeys and tie the skins around their waists, letting the tails hang down behind. This is said to be the origin of the existence there of men with tails.

It was the boast of the West some years ago that a bonanza man of some sort had drawn a check on a shingle for $500,000. Down in Texas the other day it was decided that Hugh Bennison's will scrawled on a candle-box should stand.

There seems to be some foundation for the superstition that it is unlucky to be one of a social party of thirteen. The *Lancet and Clinic* quotes Quetelet as saying that, taking thirteen persons of different ages, the probabilities are that one death will occur among them in the year. Of course the circumstance is likely to take place whether the thirteen persons meet together or not.

Jacob Bayer, a little whitehaired, tottering German, told the justice in a Chicago court how he made his living. Early in the morning he starts out, shoving in front of him a little cart. As he passes from one street to another he keeps his eyes open watching for stones. Building stones that have fallen from passing wagons, cobble stones, pebbles, or bricks are his especial prey. By nightfall his cart is usually filled with a load worth a dollar or so at least.

Feminine Fare Collectors.

The Chili young women figure as car conductors, writes a correspondent from South America. The experiment was first tried during the recent war with Peru, when all the able-bodied men were sent to the army, and proved so successful that the practice of their employment has become permanent, to the advantage, it is said, of the companies, the women and the public. It is very odd to see a woman with a bell punch taking up fares, and the first impression is not favorable, but a stranger becomes accustomed to this, as to all other novelties, and concludes that it is not such a bad idea after all. The conductors or conductoresses are usually young and sometimes very pretty, being commonly of the mixed race—of Indian and Spanish blood. They wear a neat uniform of blue flannel, a jaunty Panama hat, and a many pocketed white pinafore reaching from the breast to the ankles, and trimmed with frills. In these pockets they carry small change and tickets, while hanging to a strap over their shoulders is a little portmanteau or shopping bag, in which is a lunch, a pocket handkerchief and surplus money and tickets. On paying his fare each passengers receives a yellow paper ticket, numbered, which he is expected to destroy. The girls are charged with so many tickets, and when they return to headquarters are expected to return money for all that are missing, any deficit being deducted from their wages, which are $25 a month. As an additional check upon dishonesty, spotters are stationed along the line, who hop on the car as it passes, count the passengers, write the number down in a memorandum book, and jump off. A few blocks further on another spotter repeats the job, and these books are compared by the chief inspectors to see that the returns of the conductoresses correspond. The greatest annoyance to the girls is from the young men, who follow the cars carrying the pretty ones and chat with them on the platform. These fellows are called mosquitoes here, because they buzz and hop and pester people so. Not long ago a comic paper in Valparaiso published a cartoon showing a street car surrounded by insects, which bore the faces of young men about town. Some of the fashionable dudes who obtained this notoriety were so chaffed at the clubs and by their companions that they retired into seclusion for a time until their mortification subsided.

Queer Dutch Stoves.

The stoves most used for sleeping rooms here, says a letter from Holland, are also a novelty, or rather an antiquity, for they probably date back to Job's time, requiring more than his patience to run one. They resemble a cast iron hitching post, being a straight cylinder not quite four feet high and from five to seven inches in diameter, with a flange on the bottom that answers for feet and a movable cap on top. For the inside arrangement or fire-pot there is a pail with a cover and a bail, a grate sitting on a ring, which ring is fastened half way down. The lower half answers for an ash pan and has also a small hole for draft. With each "post" comes two of these pails.

Coke, not coal, is used for fuel. The fire is always built either in the kitchen or yard, the idea being not to have any litter from it in the room. First the coke is put on the grate, then charcoal, afterward turf and a few bits of wood, and then the pail is ready to be carried up stairs and placed in the stove, lighting the charge of fuel on the top. Like all things with a wrong beginning it seldom goes. The wood, turf and charcoal being burned out the pail must be dumped and started over again, and still the Hollanders think them "so convenient."

White Men at a Discount.

In some respects the natives of India appear to possess a greater aptitude than the European, but it is something new to hear of white men disguising themselves as Hindoos in order to obtain employment. This, however, has actually taken place in Australia. The shipments of horses thence to India are large, and Indian Syces are in request for their care upon the voyage. The other day an Australian shipper of horses had been unable to obtain Indian grooms. The horses were on board ship, and the vessel was to sail in two days' time. He was thus delighted to see a boat coming off with two black men. They were brought into the cabin to sign the usual agreement, when it was discovered they were white men, with their faces and hands artistically blackened after the fashion of the negro minstrel. The runner, or man-catcher, thought the ship was just leaving, and that he could run his men through in the hurry. There must be a dearth of employment indeed in Australia when white men are found willing to color their faces in order to obtain situations at the by no means high rate of wages paid to Hindoos.—*London Standard.*

Manner is one of the principal external grades of character. It is the ornament of action, and often makes the commonest offices beautiful by the way in which it performs them. It is a happy way of doing things, adorning even the smallest details of life.

In November, 1884, at Point Lay, Alaska, a herd of deer was seen that extended for thirty-five miles and must have numbered a million.

Three Quotations.

When a man is hanging, cut him down, then go through his pockets.—*Texas Post.*

When a man is coughing, give him Red Star Cough Cure.—*Baltimore News.*

When you want to conquer pain, use St. Jacobs Oil.—*Philadelphia News.*

There are 243 more females than males in Southbridge, Mass., but the *Journal* office is not for sale. Bachelor editors must start a new paper to be on the ground.

A Help to Good Digestion.

In the *British Medical Journal* Dr. W. Roberts, of England, discusses the effect of liquor, tea, coffee and cocoa on digestion. All of them retard the chemical processes, but most of them stimulate the glandular activity and muscular contractions. Distilled spirits retard the salivary or peptic digestion but slightly when sparingly used.

Wines were found to be highly injurious to salivary digestion. On peptic digestion all wines exert a retarding influence. They stimulate the glandular and muscular activity on the stomach. Effervescent wines exert the greatest amount of good with the least harm to digestion. When one's digestion is out of order everything goes awry, unless, as in the case of T. T. Seals, of Belaire, Ohio, who had bad dyspepsia for seven years, the digestive apparatus is kept in apple-pie eating order by Warner's Tippecanoe, the best appetite producer and regulator in the world.

Tea, even in minute quantities, completely paralyzes the action of the saliva. The tannin in strong tea is injurious. Weak tea should be used, if at all. Strong coffee and cocoa are also injurious if used in excess.—*The Cosmopolitan.*

Cash in Coats-of-Arms.

I learned some interesting facts the other day in regard to the growing pretentions of our coddish aristocracy to identification with other and noble families an the other side whose names they happen to hear, says a New York correspondent of the Minneapolis *Tribune*. A young man who has been for some years behind the stationery counter of Brentano's well known place has in the course of time fallen into a very good thing in the way of patronage as a herald. Said he, Ever since I have been here I have had to receive and attend orders for die stamped stationery, among which were many armorial designs. We keep samples of the different pieces of work to show to new customers, and I so often noticed the serious glances bestowed upon the more swell patterns by people who were used only to simple monograms that I made up my mind that there was money to be made. I was a little nervous at first, but mustered up courage enough to ask the next admirer of aristocratic insignia why she didn't use her own arms instead of her monogram? "W-why," she simpered, "I never thought of it." Well, if you will give me a copy I will have it put on your paper instead. She fumbled around for awhile, and then with refreshing assurance said she would bring it in. Two or three days afterwards my lady came back and related a doleful tale to the effect that they had "one copy, and that on a parchment which had been mislaid." No matter, said I, I can hunt it up for you during the evening. This was just what she was after, and I received a profitable commission to engross the De Snooks arms at once.

That being done, I was employed for over a week in placing copies of it in her books at the slight remuneration of $10 per evening.

I have had several very bad cases of high blood since, one of which I do not think has been equaled anywhere. One of our merchant milionaires married a rather handsome country girl some time since who went duly through all the stages of grandiloquence. She came in, and, inquiring for me, placed a large stationery order, to bear her coat of arms; he had gotten hold of one somewhere, and as she turned to go said: "Cawnt you change the colors, you know, they are so howidly unfashionable this yeah."

Fickle Fashion.

Oh, fickle fashion, pitiless art thou;
Thou causest tears down damask cheeks to rush.
Thy ban is on the sealskin sacque and now
The proper thing for thee is sealskin plush.
And the fair and gentle maiden
Is taken all attack
Who meant to shine this winter
In her glossy sealskin sacque.
Ah! we scarce have seized a pleasure
Ere from our grasp it slips,
And the cup of joy is shivered
As we lift it to our lips.
—*Boston Courier.*

THROUGHOUT THE SOUTHERN STATES, at certain seasons of the year, whole communities are subject to fevers, ague, bilious attacks, and a hundred ailments. "Quinine" is the popular remedy, but the occasional use of VINEGAR BITTERS renders such medicines entirely unnecessary. Nothing is known to relieve a torpid liver so quickly.

It is illegal in Paris for a newsdealer to lend out a newspaper to anyone for reading purposes.

It is a Fact

well established that consumption if attended to in its first stages, can be cured. There is, however, no true and rational way to cure this disease, which is really scrofulous ulceration of the lungs, except through purifying the blood. Keep the liver in perfect order and pure blood will be the result. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," a purely vegetable compound does all this and more; while it purifies the blood it also builds up the system, strengthening it against future attacks of disease. Ask for Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Take no other. Of druggists.

GRAY hairs that do not respect themselves will not be respected by others.

Some Folks

have much difficulty in swallowing the huge, old-fashioned pill, but anyone can take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. For diseases of the liver and stomach, sick and bilious headache, etc., they have no equal. Their operation is attended with no discomfort whatever. They are sugar-coated and put up in glass vials.

HE who can suppress a moment's anger may event a day of sorrow.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Nothing Like It.

No medicine has ever been known so effectual in the cure of all those diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood as SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, for the cure of Scrofula, White Swellings, Rheumatism, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, venereal Sores and Diseases, Consumption, Goitre, Boils, Cancers, and all kindred diseases. No better means of securing a beautiful complexion can be obtained than by using SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, which cleanses the blood and gives beauty to the skin.

Decline of Man.

Mental or organic weakness, nervous debility and kindred delicate diseases, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. For large illustrated book of particulars enclose 10 cents in stamps and address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE highest exercise of charity is charity to the uncharitable.

A hundred years might be spent in search of a remedy in search of Catarrh, Cold in the Head and Hay Fever, without finding the equal of Ely's Cream Balm. It is applied with the finger. Being pleasant and safe, it supersedes the use of all liquids and snuffs. Its effect is magical. It relieves at once and cures many cases which baffle physicians. Price 50 cents at druggists. 60 cents by mail. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

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